

Sports Illustrated

MAY 20, 1963 25 CENTS

THE
TRUE
MORAL
CRISIS
IN
SPORT

A black and white portrait of Paul Hornung, a former NFL player, looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. He is wearing a dark suit, a white shirt, and a light-colored tie. His left arm is crossed over his chest, and a wristwatch is visible on his left wrist. The background is dark and out of focus.

UNEMPLOYED FOOTBALLER
PAUL HORNUNG



rain

snow

dust

sand

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HAMILTON



HEADS UP PLAY

Ken Boyer, Cardinals' third baseman, stopped a screaming grounder all the hat of Harvey Kuenn got up and threw him out in the All-Star game at Washington, July 18, 1955. The National League won, 7-3.

HEADS UP LOOK



Ken Boyer knows greasy creams and oils plaster down his hair, pile up on his comb. But Vitalis® keeps his hair neat all day without grease. Naturally—it has V-7®, the greaseless grooming discovery. You can't see or feel any grease. But what a job it does!



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It's a puncture-sealing Dual 90

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Wear is terrific too. General's exclu-

sive new Duragen rubber is super-tough. Always famous for long, safe mileage—Dual 90s now give you 30% more.

Actually you'll probably do the next owner of your car a favor.

There should be mileage left over for him.



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Next week

DRIVER DAN GURNEY, behind the wheel of his startling rear-engined Lotus-Ford, will be spearheading a rebellion at Indianapolis. A preview of the big "500" by Kenneth Ruden.

THE LITTLEST ANGEL, Albie Pearson, a hot dog in senior field for L.A. and looks like a typical, cocky small man, but Gilbert Rogin reports he is startlingly different offstage.

SHERLOCK HOLMES, sportsman, is the theme of a remarkable study that, with its unusual exchanges, will be considered a classic by all those attached to the great detective's memory.



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SHOPWALK

BICYCLES ARE BACK AGAIN

by PAUL STEWART



The little old lady pedaling furiously away on the giant tricycle above is not as her second childhood. She is simply participating in the revival of an old U.S. enthusiasm—cycling. The revival began three years ago in California when Los Angeles college students discovered sleek, light, multigeared bikes called "derailleurs," after their imported gearshift mechanism. Bicycle shops from coast to coast are having the biggest boom since John L. Sullivan's day.

The derailleur can shift into as many as 15 different gears, permitting a cyclist to climb or descend the steepest hill with less than half the effort required on an ordinary bike. An expert, equipped with a 15-speed derailleur, could pedal his way to the top of Pikes Peak with relatively little effort.

Today most of the lightweight bikes are imports, and European manufacturers are having a grand time filling orders. One American bike manufacturer estimates that 900,000 lightweight European bicycles were sold in the U.S. last year in comparison to 100,000 American-made. Recently, however, American bicycle manufacturers have been working to offset the competition of the European imports.

The metallic-blue bike shown in the **SPORTING LOOK** color pages in this issue, for example, is American-made by Schwinn, and is comparable in quality to the better European touring bicycles. Schwinn's Superior sports bike has such refinements as

a 15-speed derailleur, the imported Brooks racing saddle and taped drop handlebars. It costs about \$125.

The Huffman Manufacturing Company is another first-rate American bike maker. Their Huffy Super 60 men's racer (\$80) is a glittering yellow, and has a Hunt 10-speed derailleur, sporty Dunlop white-wall tires, adjustable toe clips and a stamina bottle that is meant to be filled with some quick-energy fuel for use by a cyclist during a race.

Because of the family-wide participation in cycling today, the tandem two-seater is back again, for racers as well as for romantic couples. Huffman makes a middleweight tandem—lyrically named the Daisy, Daisy—for \$90. Schwinn calls its new tandem a Bicycle Built For Two, and sells it for \$100. West Coast Cycle Supply Company of Los Angeles, which touts itself as "your cyclo-logical source of supply," distributes an English-made line of tandems designed by Jack Taylor for Sunday touring. The sports tandem (5245) comes with a 10-speed derailleur and is available in either a "double-gents" or a "lady-bag" model.

Adult tricycles, an English innovation, are finding favor among octogenarians as well as suburban housewives, who use them to do their marketing. Last fall a group of trailer park residents in Palm Springs formed the Three Wheeler Club for tricycling en masse on weekly excursions throughout the desert resort. One member, Mrs. Kenneth Daven-

continued



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4170 24th Avenue
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417 East Tenth St
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Boyle Outboard
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& Sport
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SHOPWALK *continued*

port, said, "I never rode a bike in my life, but I sure do ride my trike."

It is easy to convert almost any standard-sized bike to a three-wheeler. T. Higgins, Ltd. of England makes a conversion kit that transforms a bike into a three-wheeler simply by removing the rear wheel and hooking on the two-wheel attachment. Gene Portuesi's Cyclo-Pedia of 6447 Michigan Avenue, Detroit 10 imports them. The kit costs \$75 and can be bought by mail order. A complete trike costs \$123.

The unicycle, the familiar circus standby, is becoming a wacky fad among teen-agers, and during last year's Rose Bowl parade a unicycle drill corps wheeled and circled in unison along the route. Columbia Manufacturing Co., of Westfield, Mass., the oldest bike company in America, brought out a one-wheeler recently that sells for \$40.

The small-wheeled vehicle pursued desperately by the outsize "penny-farthing" in the illustration below is the most radical bike in the past 50 years. Designed by Alex Moulton of Bradford-on-Avon, England, it has far more comfort, cornering power and acceleration than any ordinary lightweight bike. The reason for this is Moulton's extraordinary bicycle shock-absorbing system (similar to that of an automobile) which enabled Moulton to reduce the size of the wheels to a mere 16-inch diameter, instead of the conventional 26- or 27-inch diameter. As a result, the Moulton bike is the most comfortable in the world and, because of the more efficient wheel size, it is probably the fastest. British cycling champion John Woodburn, astride the little bike, broke the Cardiff, Wales-to-London cycling record by 18 minutes, rolling smoothly over the course in six hours and 44 minutes.

"I didn't set out to design a new racing machine, but a family bike, ideal for the woman of the house to do her shopping on or, by adjusting the saddle height, suitable for a child to ride," says Moulton. The British Motor Corporation, Ltd. has the contract to make the cycles and will export them to the U.S. this summer.

The most bizarre product of the new cycling fad is the reappearance of the old-fashioned penny-farthing (see *SPORTING LOOK*), the first put out since the Gay Nineties era. Falcon made one up in a razzle-dazzle orange, merely as an attention-getter at a London cycle show, and was shocked no end when two American dealers ordered 100 of them.

The bike's strange nickname was originally derived from the oversized English penny (the front wheel) and the tiny English farthing (the rear wheel). The modern penny-farthing bike is nearly as outlandish as its ancestor. It has a 48-inch front wheel (compared to a 60-inch front wheel on the 1890's model) and a 16-inch rear wheel. Its frame is made of strong tubular aircraft steel.

John Perks, Falcon's test pilot on the high-riding machine, spun along for two hours outside London on the bike's 20-mile maiden excursion. Motorists careened into hedgerows all along the route as Perks flew by. "When you are up there, you feel about 10 stories high, right up in the clouds," said Perks.

It doesn't take long to get the knack of riding the penny-farthing, once you learn how to get on and off. And that is no more difficult than mousting a skittish pony. West Coast Cycle Supply and the Wheel Goods Corporation of Minneapolis are importing 100 penny-farthings to sell for more than \$200 to as many brave souls.





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BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

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Then, to let you drive with minimum effort, the Riviera provides automatic Turbine Drive transmission, power steering and power brakes—all standard. Also standard—four individual bucket seats, luxurious carpeting, a floor console for the Turbine Drive stick shift, and an instrument cluster that's exciting just to look at. Plus, styling which has been the talk and envy of the industry since the Riviera's debut last fall.

So, reluctantly, we must scratch this "pilot's license" rumor. But if you want to see why it got started, go to your Buick dealer's and drive a Riviera. (Incidentally, he can deliver one without delay.)

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SCORECARD

BOTTLENECK AT ENSENADA

It is pretty hard to foul up the start of a sailboat race, though it has been done. But the finish of a race, especially an ocean race, ah, *there* is where a creative race committee can really achieve something—like havoc. Take the 1956 Buenos race, when the committee concluded nobody would possibly finish until about 6 a.m. When Dr. Luis Vidafia's *Criollo* came boozing along at midnight, the sea in the vicinity of the finish line was empty, save for one pinpoint of light which Skipper Vidafia took to be the committee boat. He headed for the light, and did not discover until he ran onto a sandbar that the light was someone's picture window on shore. The committee was still home in bed.

Or take, more urgently, last week's Newport Beach, Calif. to Ensenada race, in which the wind vanished as the early finishers of the 340-boat armada were about to enter the narrow channel leading to the finish inside Todos Santos Bay. Other boats drifted into the flat spot until 40 vessels were gathered in one tight clutch. Then the wind came back, and 40 boats—followed by three dozen more—tried to charge through a channel wide enough for 12. Before the entire fleet squeezed across, 80 boats had been damaged; one, John Arens' *Tomulank*, was rammed three times.

We suggest to the Ensenada race committee, and to all others like it, that yachtsmen deserve a better fate. They deserve a safe, commodious finish, even if it means that the race committee has to bob around in a boat offshore.

SUITABILITY AND FITNESS

A season ago we were regaled with sweat shirts bearing across their fronts the likenesses of Bach, Beethoven and Brahms. They gave to sweat a certain improbable cachet of culture. Now sweat is back where sweat belongs. The Wallachs stores in New York City, which are sporting enough to have a "dog bar" (drinking puddle) in front of their Fifth Avenue establishment, have been selling a sweat shirt for New Frontiers-

men. Blazoned across the chest is the simple word VIGAH, and beneath it a rocking chair crest. The shirt is manufactured by a company that calls itself F.I.T.

A REAL PATSY

The growling about managers that goes on continuously in the major leagues got us to thinking about our favorite manager, Patrick J. (Patsy) Donovan, who piloted five different big-league teams in the years from 1897 through 1911. Off his record, Patsy must be rated the worst manager of all time, for both performance and consistency. Most of Patsy's teams got progressively worse under his guidance, and each unproved as soon as he left, four of them remarkably so. Patsy finished eighth with the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1897, dropped the managerial reins in 1898 but took over again during the season in 1899 and finished seventh. He left Pittsburgh then and in the next four years the Pirates finished second, first, first and first. Patsy managed the St. Louis Cardinals in 1901 and finished fourth with 76 wins. He managed them again in 1902 and fell to sixth with 56 wins. He tried again in 1903 and was eighth with 43 wins. Patsy left, and the Cardinals jumped to fifth place with 75 victories, an improvement of 32 games.

Patsy managed Washington in 1904, his only year with that club. He wasted no time. The Senators finished dead last. Moreover, they won only 38 games. Only one team in modern baseball history has won fewer (not the Mets; they won 40 last year). Next season, with Patsy gone, the Senators moved up to seventh and won 64 games, a 26-game improvement. Patsy rested in 1905 but in 1906 he managed the Brooklyn Dodgers, who finished fifth with 66 wins. They finished fifth again in 1907 with 65 wins, but in 1908 they jelled and fell to seventh with 53 wins. After Patsy left they improved to sixth, though they won only 55 games.

Patsy's career reached its zenith with the Boston Red Sox. He did not manage in 1909, when the Red Sox finished third

with 88 victories, but he took over in 1910. They finished fourth that year with 81 wins and dropped to fifth in 1911 with 78. He stepped aside, and in 1912 the Red Sox won 105 games, took the American League pennant by a wide margin and beat the New York Giants in the World Series. Patsy's cup ran over. He never bothered to manage in the major leagues again.

THINKING MAN'S JOCKEY

A very competent jockey is New Zealand's Garry Jenkins—no Arcaro or Bacca, you understand, but a fellow who always gives a race the best that's in him. He did just that the other day in the Tarua Hurdles Handicap. Scratches had reduced the field from 16 to six entrants, and of the six horses that ran, three of them fell. Jenkins, aboard King's Mate, finished in third place. Once under the wire, he weighed in, then went back down the track, where he caught and mounted the riderless Brave Warrior. He took Brave Warrior back to



where the horse ditched his original rider, then brought him in to the finish and weighed in for fourth money.

According to the rules of racing, it was all quite correct.

THE DOG LOVER'S DR. SPOCK

As beagles are better than spaniels when it comes to hunting rabbits (though we once knew a collie who used to point grouse rather well), so some people are better than others when it comes to training beagles and spaniels to do their jobs. One of the best is Clarence Pfaffen-

continued



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SCORECARD *(continued)*

berger, vice-president of Guide Dogs for the Blind, Inc., who has just published a book, *The New Knowledge of Dog Behavior* (Howell Book House, \$5.95), which should serve as an excellent guide to anyone contemplating the purchase of a pup. Much of what Pfaffenberger has to say was published in these pages (SL, June 13, 1960), especially that portion covering the "critical periods" in a puppy's life, when his character is being formed. But there is sound advice also as to how you can apply tests to determine whether the pup will be an excellent, good or indifferent performer. Pfaffenberger himself has developed puppy-testing to such a degree, he reports, that he is able to predict with some 90% accuracy whether a given pup will, as an adult, make a suitable Guide Dog.

ASHES TO EVIL

In the noisome aftermath of the first Patterson-Johansson fight, which crackled with tales of chemistry and underworld control, Promoter Bill Rosensohn plunged into obscurity as a man might leap from a burning building. He found his Saint Helena in Philadelphia, where, for the past few years, he has been engaged in the coin-operated dry-cleaning business. Last week he emerged, if that's the word for it. Rosensohn plans to produce a horror movie in England. "It's called *The Grand Gargol—After of Evil*," Rosensohn says, "and it will be the most horrible horror movie ever made."

METS TOPPLE YANKS

Now that they have lost the charming ineptitude that endeared them to connoisseurs of the fumble and the bubble, the New York Mets—this year winning almost as many games as they lose and a mere 4½ games or so out of first place—have begun to beat their American League rivals, the New York Yankees. They have been beating the Yanks in attendance at the park, including one absolute sellout of the Polo Grounds, and they have been beating them most severely in television ratings. A vast segment of the New York City population, former Dodger and Giant rooters mostly, people who cannot abide the Yanks and are bored by consistent success, have taken the Mets to their hearts.

Last weekend, for example, the Mets achieved on Friday night a 9.1 rating, with a 14.9 share of the available audi-

ence (that means 450,000 homes watching), as against a 2.8 rating for the Yankees, with a 4.6 share (138,700 homes). Next afternoon the Mets scored with a 10.7 rating and a 38.6 share (530,200 homes), while the Yanks had a mere 3.7 rating, 13.6 share and 183,300 homes.

What a fascinating subway Series there will be one day!

WEATHER REPORT

The long, cold winter has blighted the grass on many golf courses in the Northeast and has thrown U.S. Open officials into a dither. Injury to the greens at The Country Club in Brookline, Mass., site of this year's Open, has been so severe that the club is a full month behind in its preparations for this June's championship.

If it is any consolation to the New Englanders, golfers of the Northwest have been having their weather troubles, too. Twenty-two days of April showers, whatever they may have done for May flowers, have led to peculiar golf in Oregon and Washington.

The first two days of the annual Oregon Open were played in a continuous downpour. Duke Matthews of Eugene stroked a live-inch birdie putt and watched his ball float right over the top of the hole when water suddenly gurgled up from the cup. Harry Clow of Vancouver, Wash., had an even greater shock at Oregon's Lake Oswego Country Club. Near a small lake that had been stocked with fish he was amazed to see a 12-inch black bass swimming across the fairway.

MR. CHIPS IN THE DUGOUT

Among the sporting achievements of Jim Whalley, University of Georgia baseball coach, have been the development of Ronnie Braddock as 1962 NCAA batting champion and the winning of a Southeastern Conference title. He has, however, done more than appears in the record books. He is the sort of man who will give equal time to correcting a batting stance and a lapse in grammar. "I can't decide if he's an English professor or a baseball coach," one of his players has mused.

He has other qualities, too.

Don Woeltgen, 6 feet 2, 180 pounds, came to Georgia as a hot major league prospect. But in three years of varsity play he was never a consistent winner. Early in this season, his senior year, he started against little Oglethorpe University and, trying to fog his fast ball past the batters, was rocked for eight earned

(continued)



Super Hi-Miler (at left) vs. comparably priced truck tire (at right), after 1 year on accelerated, high speed, overloaded, 50,000-mile test on same equipment, over same roads, with same driver.

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yes! Super Hi-Miler is made with TUF^{SYN}—toughest, longest-wearing synthetic rubber in Goodyear history. And it's been proved over millions of highway miles!

yes! A new wide-tread pattern lengthens Super Hi-Miler life. Tread wear is distributed over much greater area to reduce rate of wear and increase mileage.

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yes! Super Hi-Miler rides with a new "muted sound" for less "rumble" at high speeds on the road. Variable zigzag tread segments are acoustically engineered. Listen!

yes! Goodyear's new Super Hi-Miler with TUF^{SYN} rubber outwears any other truck tire of its kind. Save with Super Hi-Miler truck tires! Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.

GOODYEAR

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SCORECARD

runs in a single inning. Ginnly, the game went on, with Woeltgen sweating it out on the mound. The imperturbable Whitley made him stay there while Woeltgen and his team, not to mention Coach Whitley, absorbed a most humiliating beating.

Came last week's crucial game of the season against Georgia Tech. Twenty minutes before game time Whitley advised Woeltgen that he would pitch. Instead of depending on his fast ball, Woeltgen changed his delivery, mixing curves with fast balls. He struck out 11 Tech batters and pitched a perfect game, the second in university history.

About that Oglethorpe game, Whitley had this to say:

"I wanted him to pitch until he found out what he was doing wrong. I wanted him to grow up."

TIP

Sonny Liston will train for his July 22 fight against Floyd Patterson at The Dunes Hotel in Las Vegas. Four other fighters have trained at The Dunes over the years. All four have lost.

THEY SAID IT

• Johnny Pesky, Red Sox manager, on the effects of victory: "When you win you eat better, sleep better and your beer tastes better. And your wife looks like Gina Lollobrigida."

• Bud Winter, San Jose State track coach, on fiber-glass poles: "They cost \$65 each, and we've broken so many we're working on the 1965 budget already."

• Doug Sanders, golf professional, on Arnold Palmer's decision to play in fewer tournaments and devote more of his time to his many business interests: "Arnold ought to take a week off just to count his money."

• Gabe Paul, Cleveland Indian president: "A manager really gets paid for how much he suffers."

• Judge M. Joseph Blumenfeld, of Hartford, Conn., who awarded \$1,750 damages to a golfer scarred by a drive, answering a defense claim that the injured man was too slow leaving the green: "Golf is still a leisurely sport for many golfers and haste in completing a round is not an object of the game."

• Casey Stengel, Mets' manager, on his second-string catcher, Chris Cannizzaro: "He's the first defensive catcher I've had who can throw, but can't catch." **END**



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**THE
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Sports Illustrated

MAY 30, 1963

Recently the climate of sport has been befouled by 'exposés' and charges of widespread corruption. Is sport crooked? No—but there is a creeping threat to basic values that must be recognized and fought

by JOHN UNDERWOOD

I think all of us in college athletics have gone far astray—in recruiting, in letting people leech on to us who are known to be of bad character. I think we are gutless not to clean up our own business. You cannot use my name, because I am as gutless as the rest.—ANONYMOUS COACH, SOUTHEASTERN CONFERENCE.

In the first four months of 1963 these incidents made important news in sport: Paul Hornung (see cover) of Green Bay, one of the best football players in the world, and Alex Karras of Detroit were suspended from the National Football League for betting on games. Six other Detroit players were fined for the same offense. Alabama Coach Bear Bryant and Georgia Athletic Director Wally Butts were accused of conspiring to affect the outcome of last fall's Alabama-Georgia football game. The University of Indiana and Purdue competed for a talented high school basketball player by offering scholarships to his girl friend, Jack Molinas, a former professional basketball player, was handed a 10-to-15-year sentence for fixing college basketball games from 1957 to 1961. Biggie Munn, athletic director at Michigan State, was found, embarrassingly, to be a stockholder in a management firm owned by a Chicago gangster, Frank (Big Frank) Buccieri. (Munn promptly said he got out as soon as he discovered

who "that furniture man" really was.)

The doleful box score of the past few months, together with the basketball scandals of recent years and a Senate investigation that is soon to take place, have cast a nervous shadow over sport. Confused by the dispiriting succession of events, people are disturbed, and they are talking: the subject, articulated in various ways, is, simply, morality. Some Americans who were not so already have become cynical about sports, some fearful, some doubtful, some merely curious. To read all the signs, there is a crisis in U.S. sports. But is there?

In an important sense, unless it is a sin to enjoy oneself, there is no crisis. Pure sport ("that which diverts and makes mirth; pastime; diversion"), the sport of the participant, is healthier than ever in this pastime nation of bowlers, boaters, golfers, skiers, snowshoe hikers, softball players and fishermen. Some 33.5 million Americans participate. So the concern is not with what people do, but with what they watch others do, the professionals and the heavily promoted college and amateur players of commercial sports. It is toward these performers that would-be moralists point a finger and say, "Yes, there is a crisis." Are they right?

On the surface, they are not. Sensational news to the contrary, there is less outright dishonesty today than

there was in the "good old" days which, a dispassionate review would show, were not only not good but often sensationally crooked. In 1877, long before the Black Sox scandal of 1920, Louisville, then a major league club, expelled four players for throwing games. Owner John Morrissey in the same era used his Troy (N.Y.) Haymakers (forerunners of the New York Giants) like "loaded dice and marked cards." Seven members of the University of Michigan's 1893 football team were not even students at the university, and when Yale lured James Hogan, who later became an All-America tackle, to New Haven in 1902 it was by dint of free tuition, a suite in Vanderbilt Hall, a 10-day trip to Cuba and a monopoly on the sale of scorecards. Some of the old recruiters could make the present breed, with their payments under the table, seem like so many penny-ante poker players.

Today baseball, football and horse racing, the three biggest commercial sports, are more efficiently policed than they ever were in their not-so-innocent youths. Baseball in particular has been careful. In 1943 Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis banished the Philadelphia Phillies' millionaire owner, William D. Cox, from baseball for life for betting on his own team. Commissioner Happy Chandler suspended Leo Durocher in 1947 for "the accumulation of

continued

incidents detrimental to baseball" (he was friendly with a gambler). Similarly, the National Football League suspended Frank Filchock and Merle Hapes of the New York Giants for failing to report an attempted bribe. The league, emulating racing's Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, which has been relentless in keeping known gangsters away from tracks since its founding in 1946, has a staff of 17 detectives on call to check out all rumors concerning players and owners.

There is a good economic reason for such close surveillance. Franchises have become so expensive—and generally so profitable—that an owner would be committing financial suicide not to guard his investment. Too, the probing eye of catechistic news media has severely narrowed a man's chances of making a dishonest dollar. The glare of prolonged inquiry has made even boxing a cleaner sport, although one in dire need of further repair.

Yet beneath the surface of seeming morality there lurks a true crisis. It is far less spectacular than a Black Sox scandal or the case of a prizefighter deliberately taking a dive (as Jake LaMotta admitted doing in a bout with BlackJack Billy Fox 15 years ago). It is, instead, a subtle erosion of the quality of sport. This erosion affects the individual sports; it affects the people in them, the players, the coaches and managers, and the owners. E. Norman Gardner, writing in *Athletics of the Ancient World*, said, "The very popularity of athletics was their undoing." This is not Greece, but the men who control sport in the U.S. today are courting the Greeks' same risk of failure to cope with success. For it is an excess of success that produces unfortunate cases such as Paul Hornung's.

Paul Hornung is a fun-loving fellow who stands to lose \$50,000 in the next year for being untidy in choosing his fun. Hornung gambled on football games, including some in which he played as a star halfback for the Packers. The consequence was that Commissioner Pete Rozelle of the NFL suspended Hornung for a year—which, besides loss

of salary, sharply reduced Hornung's chances to endorse products in advertisements, which provided him with upward of \$15,000 a year in pocket money. When the decision went out, and Hornung went out to see what people thought, it might as well have been spring. Cab drivers and sportswriters and fellow athletes and ladies in elevators hailed him and told him how Pete Rozelle ought to be strung up by his strait laces. (Others were just as convinced that Rozelle was justified, but Hornung did not hear much of that.) At a banquet in Worcester, Mass. he was given a hero's ovation. "Everywhere I went the people were behind me," said Hornung, understandably relieved. The crime obviously had not fit the punishment. Why, pshaw—there was hardly any crime at all.

But of course there was. Hornung himself is not a criminal; his football play is unassailable, and he has not thrown a game, taken a bribe or sold his soul to Frankie Carbo. He is a generous young man, good to his mother in Louisville and, as a practicing Catholic, he meticulously orders clam chowder on Fridays. No, indeed. Hornung's mistake was not a criminal act, it was an irresponsible one. Naively, and perhaps unwittingly, he destroyed a portion of faith in the integrity of the game that pays his way. One day he was merely the pal of Gambler-Businessman Barney Shapiro. The next day, "scarcely before I realized it," he says, Shapiro was his betting agent and confidant. He had no idea of the consequences of his actions when he placed his first \$100 bet. Anybody old enough to chew bubble gum can fathom what suspicions this association aroused.

Encouragingly, Paul Hornung was quick to realize his error. Unlike the recalcitrant Alex Karras, who thought himself railroaded, Hornung has been contrite and has tried to say all the right things. He says if he had it to do over again he would still "tell all" to Commissioner Rozelle. "Hell, yes, I would. I broke the rule. I'm guilty. And what anybody else might have been doing wrong is no matter to me." Hornung admits he is not sure of all the implications of the

rule he violated, and he does not consider his action "immoral," but he knows for sure his conduct "wasn't kosher."

Still to be determined is what sorcery could make a Paul Hornung risk his handsome neck and handsome way of living by assaulting, as he did, a rule he can read on every locker room wall in the National Football League. The answer is not too hard to find. In a sense, Paul Hornung was indoctrinated to excess at age 17 with the coming of the first high-pressure college recruiter ("I wasn't offered a car or anything big like that," he recalls, "but in some cases I was promised extra money"). So sought after was he that Paul (Bear) Bryant, now at Alabama but then coach at the University of Kentucky, brought the governor of Kentucky to the modest Hornung apartment in Louisville to help charm Hornung into accepting a scholarship in 1953. Bryant has since said he would have stayed at Kentucky three more years had he landed Hornung. He did not get Hornung, however, principally because of Hornung's mother, whose abiding dream was for her son to go to Notre Dame. Hornung was asleep in another room when the governor came to call, and Mrs. Hornung did not bother to wake him up.

As a Notre Dame man, Hornung found that he could rationalize the firing of his former coach, Terry Brennan, for being "too young," even though Brennan had been hired five years earlier when he was five years younger. Hornung called it part of the game. Used to special treatment as a pro star, it seemed natural to Hornung that the U.S. Army obligingly gave him weekends off so that he might continue his career with the Packers. He had found he could scarcely get out of the way of people wanting to do him favors and give him money. It was by this time quite easy to take lightly "a sample little wager" of \$100 or \$200. The money didn't mean much to him, why should the rule? After all, he said, "I'm just another one of the vehicles in this business."

The point about Paul Hornung, of course, is that he is not unique among American athletes. Commercial sport is

a business. The people who run it—whether they be college presidents or owners of big league ball clubs—want to be successful. They are successful if they win, and they win when they have the best players. But this drive to excel puts terrifying, almost unreasonable pressure on good athletes such as Hornung. Small wonder that the values of such gifted athletes become relative and that rules become playthings to be toyed with. The young men often develop what ex-West Point Coach Earl Blaik calls a what-the-hell attitude.

They also take their confusion into adult life. Wes Santee, the former state miler, who now sells insurance in Lawrence, Kans., was banned from amateur running for life for accepting \$1,500 in "extra" expense money. He reserves the right to be especially critical of promoters who run amateur meets, and he blames them for his downfall. "If a track meet promoter or official tells a boy, 'The present rule on expenses is antiquated. Here's two or three times what you are legitimately supposed to get,' why expect the kid to be unim-pure? I remember when I first began running well. This promoter called to ask if I'd compete in his meet. 'How much expenses do you want?' he said. I didn't know what to say. I was a greenhorn. He said, 'Would \$800 be enough?' My eyes almost popped out. I was green as a young runner, then, but I became a pro real quick."

A question of right

"Did I do wrong to accept these fees? I still don't know. I do know they never stop. After I had got the temporary court order to permit me to keep running, I went to Boston for a meet. I was in trouble. You would think everyone would have been extremely careful. But after the meet one of the officials handed me a program, saying, 'Here's a souvenir for you.' When I opened it there was a \$50 bill stuck inside."

This, as anybody who has followed sport even indifferently knows, is minor league stuff compared with what goes on at some colleges where local, state and alumni pride often are motivating fac-

tors as powerful as profit in building winning teams. Since 1952, when the National Collegiate Athletic Association took on police powers, it has had enough evidence of recruiting violations to have taken action against schools in 86 cases. Some did not learn their lesson and had to be punished a second time. Auburn lived in the NCAA doghouse for six years. Indiana has been in for three.

Head coaches, either ambitious for better jobs or fretful that the ax will soon fall them, continue to cut recruiting corners despite the threat of penalty. And many feel it would be a mistake to become sentimental about their players. The stringent policies of Coach Charlie Bradshaw resulted in 53 University of Kentucky players abandoning the team by last September. One assistant at another southern school quit his job recently when he became sickened by the ruthless measures his superior was using to get scholarships back from boys who had not succeeded on the football field. What happens to allegiance to the sport and the school then? In prosecuting the college basketball scandals of 1961 an assistant New York district attorney, Peter D. Andreoli, said that one pertinent thread ran through all the players' testimony: none of them had any loyalty to his school.

A. Whitney Griswold, the late president of Yale, so disliked athletic scholarships that he termed them the "greatest swindle ever perpetrated on American youth." In his book, *Campus U.S.A.*, David Boroff said that college football players had become so "seriously devalued in recent years [that] they are Saturday's children, neglected the rest of the week. No longer heroes, they are just bulking mercenaries to many students." Sociologist Reuel Denney of the University of Hawaii, a collaborator with David Riesman on *The Lonely Crowd*, says that in the commercialized sports environment the athlete "is first turned into a robot, and then sometimes the robot becomes a burglar. I think the first stage, when the human being is turned into a robot, is worse."

These views are extreme. Sport re-

mains a major assimilating force on the college campus, and there are as many legitimate reasons for letting the superior athlete play his way through an education as for supporting a brilliant violinist. It would be a mistake to kill the athlete's chances of going to college. Better curb the excesses of his elders.

But if some college authorities persist in sidestepping rules, then, alas, the athletes, their parents and friends will have to set a higher tone. For it is important that the man on the field be ethically straight and that his play be right and not merely entertaining. Sport will retain its character, its unique quality as sport, only so long as the player and the fan and the kid who stands three hours in the rain to get Willie Mays's name on a crumpled program believe in its sanctity.

William Saroyan said that baseball is "caring." The obligation of the athlete is clear: he must care. There is an almost spiritual quality to sport. Man and boy identify with the sports hero; the hero must therefore be the quintessence of his sport. "I suspect," says Sociologist Max Kaplan, "that the fan rather enjoys scandal—but only so long as it does not touch or destroy his heroes. That is to say, himself."

It would be absurd to expect unqualifiedly good deportment from an athlete. His world is often a roiling place, and rebellion is never far below the surface. Roger Maris was an impossible character the year he hit 61 home runs. Bo Belinsky likes nightclubs and Tommy Bolt hurls golf clubs. Big Daddy Lipscomb, the Pittsburgh Steelers' giant All-Pro tackle, died in tawdry circumstances last week, possibly of a combination of dope and liquor.

But it is not too much to expect the athlete-celebrity to at least try for good conduct, since where he goes, what he does and who he does it with take on a measure of importance that reflects on his sport. Paul Hornung found out too late that "you just can't be like other people."

If college and amateur leaders have contributed to the moral crisis of sport in their own spheres, so have the profes-

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Race Against Time and Tide in the Outback

The skeletons of a cow and a horse last week gazed mockingly from their derelict conveyance across white salt wastes where willy-willies of dust danced in strange, high columns and nonexistent lagoons shimmered deliciously wet and blue. They provided a ghoulish touch of humor in this weird and lonely place, a fly-infested, dry salt lake called Eyre in the Australian outback. It was there last week that Britain's Donald Campbell began to extend the Bluebird, a costly, high-wheeled, finned monster of a car, in the final stages of a new assault upon the absolute land-speed record.

Time was short, problems acute. There would be 10 days at most for serious runs, it was believed, before floodwaters would force evacuation—precious little time for a project that had cost some 80 British firms \$5.5 million. Meanwhile, the 20-mile-long speed strip Campbell had hoped for dwindled to 14 miles, and at week's end only 9 miles of it had been flattened to test-specifications by workmen towing heavy graders across the salt crust. It was cruelly unfortunate that Campbell, having abandoned the vastly more accessible Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah as unable

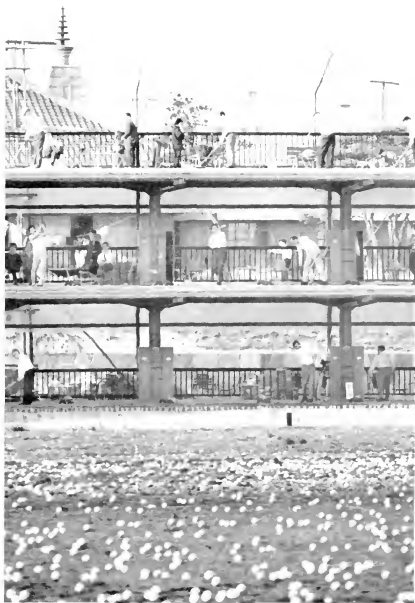




to provide a long enough run, should now be so restricted.

Nevertheless, he was not without hope. Since the frightening crash that scrubbed Campbell's Bonneville attempt in 1960, the four-ton Bluebird has been meticulously rebuilt and a lofty tail fin added for stability. Its aircraft gas turbine engine produces no less than 4,250 horsepower; designers speak of a 500-mph-speed potential, with 450 mph a realistic working goal. After a probing run at 210 mph and another at 240 on the bobtailed Lake Tyre course, Campbell said the Bluebird "behaved magnificently."

One might wonder why all the fuss and exertion, since Britain already holds the record of 394.196 mph, set by the late John Cobb at Bonneville in 1947. Apparently the British want a little insurance; they were jolted in 1960 when America's Mickey Thompson reached 406.6 mph at Bonneville in a car literally built in his backyard, partly from junk. Mickey was denied the record when his marvelous monster broke down on the required return run. If successful, Donald Campbell would be the fastest human being on land and sea. His water-speed record is 260.35 mph.





Tokyo's Garden of Golf

Hard by an ancient Buddhist temple two miles from the middle of downtown Tokyo, the Japanese observe their newest religion, golf. As a result, the grounds of the Shiba Driving Range, a three-tiered structure designed to accommodate a land long on people but short on space, sometimes look as if every cherry blossom in Japan had fallen at once. With as many as 150 golfers simultaneously whacking away, the number of golf balls used reaches 300,000 during a peak day. The atmosphere around the sacred compound of Zojyō may not be as conducive to contemplation as it once was, but ice shots in the neighborhood certainly have improved.

PHOTO BY JEFFREY T. FORD

Unruffled by the dazzling new uniforms they must wear or by a flock of sheep and a shepherd in the outfield, the Kansas City Athletics are off to a remarkably fast start, led by a shortstop with a split personality **by WALTER BINGHAM**

Ed Charles, the third baseman of the Kansas City Athletics and no relation either to Shakespeare or to Cassius Clay, likes to write poetry to pass the time. Here is the opening stanza of a poem he wrote last week:

*A month of play has passed away,
And the critics' predictions are beginning to sway.
For we A's, picked for ninth place,
Stand proudly amidst the pennant race.*

Yes, there they were, the Kansas City Athletics, dressed in their bizarre green-and-gold uniforms, shoulder to shoulder with the Yankees, the Orioles and the White Sox. The Athletics have finished at or near the bottom of the American League ever since they moved from Philadelphia in 1955, and generally they have managed to hit bottom quickly. This year, as Ed Charles points out, the A's were picked to finish ninth, more or less, and while they may yet wind up in that vicinity they are at least taking their time.

The Athletics began the season normally enough, losing two games to the Yankees, but after winning 13 of the next 18 games they found themselves, to their own surprise, leading the league. Scheduled to play three games with second-place Boston in early May, Kansas City faced for the first time what might be called, if only jokingly, a crucial series. When the Athletics won two games of the series to lead the league by a game and a half, *The Kansas City Times* pointed out with jubilation that this was the latest date in any season that the A's had occupied first place. When, last week, the A's lost three games to the White Sox and fell out of first place, a headline mourned: CHUCK GO ENDS A'S REIGN.

Despite the slump, Manager Eddie Lopat is delighted with the overall performance of the team. This is Lopat's first season as manager, and he looks little different than a decade ago when he was winning important games for the Yankees. His hair is still yellow, his eyes cool blue. He is a bit plump now, but then he was a bit plump as a pitcher, too. As a manager he has shown a calm, steady manner, although, as one of his players points out, you can't really tell about a manager until the going gets rough. That time will come.

Lopat is a great student of pitching and he takes pride in mentioning that he taught Whitney Ford the ropes. The Athletics' pitching staff was the worst in the American League last year—when Lopat was the pitching coach—but this season it has been largely responsible for the team's

continued

The Kansas City shepherd, wearing green-and-gold robes, neglects his flock for a few moments to watch the progress of the game.

Photographs by Rich Clarkson

EVERYTHING'S



GREEN & GOLD IN KANSAS CITY



fast opening pace. Orlando Pena won four games in a row while Ed Rakow has contributed a two-hitter, a four-hitter and a five-hitter. Bill Fischer has won five games in relief.

What distresses Lopat is that the hitting has been so terrible when last year it was so good. Norm Siebern, the best hitter on the team, is in a slump and he has kept his pretty wife awake at night



Leaping to avoid Nelle Fox, Causey completes double play as Jerry Lampe watches.

discussing theories on what could be wrong. Jerry Lampe is in a slump, too. There are several others. Fortunately for Kansas City, however, two players are not in slumps. One is Ed Charles, the poet-third baseman who has a habit of driving in winning runs. The other is Wayne Causey, a pleasant, friendly fellow who until recently never had any difficulty leaving a ball park unnoticed. Causey, at 26, is a veteran utility man, or at least he was. "I didn't see how I could beat out Charles at third, Howser at short or Lampe at second," Causey said the other day. "I told myself I was lucky just being in the majors."

Causey spent most of the first two weeks of the season on the bench. Then Dock Howser, the shortstop, got hurt.

Causey took over and hit a triple, a double and two singles as the Athletics overcame a 5-0 Detroit lead to win 6-5. By the end of the week Causey was hitting .400. He has stayed there, or approximately there, ever since and poor Dick Howser, well again, has stayed on the bench.

Causey can offer no logical explanation for his sudden resemblance to Honus Wagner. He has neither gained nor lost weight since last season. His batting stance is the same, left-handed, orthodox. He feels no tremendous surge of confidence; he is, in fact, quite willing to admit that he is hitting well over his head. He is using a different bat. Teammate Jose Tartabull's, a fact that may satisfy those who insist upon a reason. "Whatever it is," Bobby Del Greco tells Causey, "I wish you'd stop. You're embarrassing the whole league."

Wayne Causey has two distinct personalities. The more obvious one is the small-town Louisiana boy who came to the major leagues at 18 and amused his teammates by asking them if they wanted "to chunk the ball around." Causey is a Baptist. He doesn't drink, smoke or swear. When he accepted a bonus to play with Baltimore in 1955, he donated part of the money to his church. Every day he reads the Bible to his wife and two young children. He would like to speak in behalf of his church, the way Bobby Richardson does, but he is too shy.

The other Wayne Causey is a bit of a kook. Del Greco calls him "30 days ahead of Piersall." One day last season Causey startled everyone on the team by making a hook slide in the dugout. Rakow remembers with glee the time Causey saw a garbage disposal unit in a hotel hallway, opened it and yelled: "Two hamburgers, medium rare."

On the way to the ball park at Bradenton this spring, Causey grabbed some Spanish moss off a tree, fashioned himself a beard and said in a creaky voice: "Boys, if I don't make the starting lineup pretty soon, I'll be too old to play." Nor does Causey stop when he takes the field. He calls hard ground balls "skinnies." Whenever one is hit to Lampe or Charles, Causey yells, "Here comes a skinner." When he himself makes a good play, he is apt to shout: "Hey, did you see that?"

Basically a third baseman, Causey has been making a lot of good plays since he became a shortstop, showing good range and an ability to get rid of the ball in a hurry. "Oh, that Mr. Z," said Relief

Pitcher John Wyatt after one game in which Causey made a number of smooth plays. "He sure can drink." It should be explained that Wyatt speaks a language of his own. Recently he said to General Manager Pat Friday that he was a little short and needed some hogs. Friday asked how much. "Oh, about a yard and a half," said Wyatt. Friday lent him \$150. Wyatt has been working on his curve ball because he can see "those butters all jacked up waiting for the smoke." —ready, that is, for his fast ball. So when Wyatt says Mr. Z, he means Mr. Caus-Z, "who can sure drink up anything that's hot down to shortstop."

Causey's play has made him a sudden favorite in Kansas City, and when he comes to the plate these days, leading off for the Athletics, he gets a bigger hand than Siebern, Lampe or Harry Truman. That wouldn't have happened last year, not so much because Causey wasn't a hero, but because there were rarely enough people in Municipal Stadium to give anyone a big hand. Kansas City's 1962 attendance was easily the lowest in the major leagues, 635,675, and on many days there were more sheep in the ball park than fans. But attendance this year is up 65,000 after one month, a tribute not only to the team's winning start, but to the wild imagination of that millionaire insurance man and owner of the Athletics, Charles Oscar Finley.

Whatever happens to the A's in the future, success or disaster, can be credited to Charlie Finley, who dominates the scene like a not-so-jolly green giant. Finley has replaced Bill Vecek as baseball's leading radical, a constant thorn in Commissioner Ford Frick's side. Finley is always suggesting changes in baseball, a game that regards change as an enemy. He has, for instance, moved the starting time for the A's night games up to 7 o'clock on weekdays, 6 o'clock on Saturdays. "Most of our fans come from 50 miles away," Finley says. "We want to get them in bed at a decent hour."

Suit it with color

For a recent game against the White Sox, the attendance was announced at 12,000. Finley, seated in his box behind the Athletics' dugout, took a deep puff on his cigar. "Now isn't that wonderful," he said looking around. "Just wonderful. It shows that people want more than baseball. They want it convenient and they want it colorful." If nothing else, Charlie Finley has made baseball in Kansas City colorful. Alarmed over the low

continued

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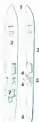
"I've tried every type of water ski made," Kiefer told Ted, "A catamaran bottom on some gives lift, and permits sharp turns. An extra toe-piece on some gives you a combination style for regular or slalom skiing. And the fiber glassed finish on others gives you a durable pair of skis."

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attendance figures last year, Finley began this winter what he calls an "energetic selling campaign."

"This is the age of color," he said. "You've got to have color if you're selling." Finley decided that the traditional baseball uniform of white or gray was too drab. Kansas City, he announced, would wear uniforms of bright gold with green sleeves, socks and caps. ("Kells green and Finley gold," Jerry Lampe calls it.) Finley selected the colors because he happens to be crazy about green and gold. The Kansas City players are less crazy about the colors, but there is little they can do except blush. On opening day, when the players filed cautiously down the runway into the dugout, Gino Cimoli told a reporter, "Say one word and I'll deck you." Now, after one month, the players have almost stopped wincing when the opposing bench jockeys yell, "Hi there, beautiful!"

Finley is ecstatic, of course, over the colorful uniforms. "What do you think about them?" he asks people. "Do you like them?" Finley was at a game last week when Ed Rakow pitched six innings of perfect baseball, 18 hitters retired in a row. The crowd was tense in expecta-

tion of a perfect game, or at least a no-hitter. When Rakow came out to hit in the sixth inning, Finley noticed that Rakow's gold pants were hanging so low that his green socks were hidden. Finley reached for the phone in his box and called Pat Friday, the insurance executive he installed as general manager in place of Frank Lane. "Pat," he barked, "Look at Rakow's pants. That looks sloppy. Now I've mentioned this before. Let's take care of it." It was just coincidence that Rakow gave up eight runs the next inning.

Just about everything else inside Municipal Stadium is green and gold, too. The sheep, which for two years have wandered on the slope beyond the right-field fence, now wear green or gold jackets with a big white letter A. The sheep have been joined by a shepherd, who wears a flowing green-and-gold robe, has a long black beard and carries a long crook. Gino Cimoli has almost become used to the idea of catching a long fly ball, observed intently by a shepherd and a dozen sheep.

On opening day this year Finley asked the fans to wear something green or gold and he was gratified to see that most of them did. Harry Truman showed up and Finley plopped a green ten-gallon hat on

continued



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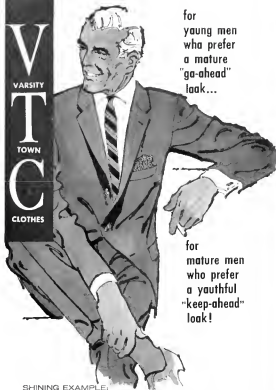
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V VARSITY T TOWN C CLOTHES



for
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a mature
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look...

for
mature men
who prefer
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SHINING EXAMPLE:

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This Varsity-Town tropical is so light that the only suit you'll find more comfortable is your birthday suit! And the cool weave of 55% "Dacron" polyester and 45% wool is startlingly airy. But the real pay-off is the unique fabric with incredible strength and body for a cloth so light. "DACRON" is the reason. Consequently, it shuns wrinkles, holds its shape in the muggiest weather. All this plus Varsity-Town's alert styling assures you a smart, fresh summer appearance at a price much less than you would expect.

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CLOTHES ARE
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Lylian's, Chicago
Kestelberg, Lansing
Max Adler, South Bend
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Diamond's, Phoenix
Miller's, Knoxville
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THE H. A. SEINSHEIMER COMPANY, CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

GREEN & GOLD continued

Harry's head. Finley himself wore a dazzling gold jacket and green pants. Even Harvey, the mechanical rabbit who pops up behind home plate to supply the umpire with fresh baseballs, was painted green and gold. Just before the game began, Finley released 1,000 green and gold balloons, each with a set of tickets to a future game attached. One batch of balloons sailed all the way to Sedalia, Mo., 90 miles away, before landing in a farmer's tree. The farmer thought it was some kind of weather observation equipment and called the police. They came, cut down the balloons and gave the tickets to the Sedalia Little League. Finley was delighted.

Although Finley spends much of his time at home in Chicago, attending to his insurance business, he is never out of touch with what is going on around the team. He is a man of many mottos and he has seen to it that one of them—"Sweat plus sacrifice equals success"—hangs in the A's dressing room to inspire the boys. "I suppose they're nice words," said one veteran, "but I mean, hell, we're professional ballplayers." Another of Finley's mottos is "The best management is that management that's closest to its employees." Finley stays close to his players by conducting his own pregame shows, shown on tape before every televised road game. Finley says the first few made him nervous, but now he is getting used to it and the ad boys say that the show is great. Ed Charles was interviewed the other night. "He's, ah, not too—ah—bad," said Charles cautiously. "He's—well, ah. . ."

Finley takes great pride in being the team's No. 1 fan. "If Rakow pitches a no-bitter," he said, "I'm going to be the first guy over the dugout roof and onto the field." Finley is also aware that a rooting owner is very good publicity. "Catch me when someone on our team hits a home run," he told a photographer recently. "I really put on a show."

With all his enthusiasm, Finley retains the sense of realism that prompted him to call in Eddie Lopat the day that Kansas City took over first place. "Go out for a long walk," he said, "take a deep breath and savor the moment. It may not last."

When the Athletics take the field, the organist plays "Ev'rythin's up to date in Kansas City." That is certainly true. The second line of the stanza is: "They've gone about as far as they c'n go!" **END**

Medred "Babe" Didrikson: the superb track and field star of the 30's. In 1932 New England Life was in its 98th year.



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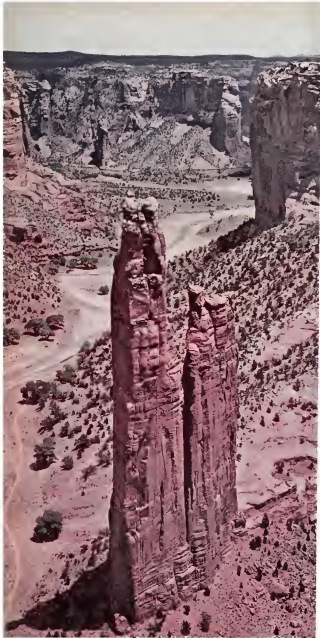
BY ROBERT CANTWELL

West of Baton Rouge, La., Highway 190 crosses Bayou Grosse Tete and the tracks of the Texas & Pacific runs through the towns of Quick, Blanks and Lotie and reaches the trackless banks of the mysterious Atchafalaya River a little above the town of East Krotz Springs. Like Canyon de Chelly in Arizona and Point of Arches in Washington (see following pages) the bayou country hereabout belongs in what authorities on outdoor recreation call an intermediate recreational zone, something not quite primitive but not commercialized either, sometimes fairly close to metropolitan centers but remote from crowds and commuters and reachable in a short time. Such partially isolated pockets of underdeveloped repose—the unexploited camping areas along the white gravel beaches of Lake Superior and the countless tranquil groves along the 45,000 miles of trails in the national forests are others—are growing increasingly important in this country's summers. And not the least of the reasons is the ubiquitous camping trailer, which has multiplied from 20,000 in 1930 to 325,000 today. Safe, reasonably priced and comfortable (SI, May 13), the trailers make it possible for venturesome, though not necessarily heroic, travelers to go pretty much where they please beyond the usual tourist horizons. To Arizona's Canyon de Chelly they might also trailer a horse, which can carry them to places along the sandy creek bed that cars could never negotiate. To the bayou country *next continued on page 37*



Louisiana's trackless bayou country, only a 40-mile haul from Baton Rouge, is just the place to take a boat. This is the South of silences and solitude, its somber swamps curtained softly in mist and Spanish moss.





In Arizona's Canyon de Chelly the 20th century is only a muttered rumor. Those who would camp beneath wind-hewn Spider Rock, visit a hundred cliff dweller ruins and ponder the ancients' petroglyphs might remember that even their horses are anachronisms in a canyon civilized before William became Conqueror, perhaps before Caesar saw Gaul.



At Point of Arches in northern Washington, as far west as they can travel within mainland United States, a family leaves its tent trailer behind and builds a driftwood fire by the ebbing tide. Tomorrow they will dig razor clams, surf-fish, look for elk and semiprecious stones, swim out toward the Flattery Rocks and explore the Olympic Peninsula forests.



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McGREGOR

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they might take a boat trailer. Accessible without the expense of pack-train expeditions, these places are no less beautiful than the deeper wilderness of primitive areas, and often they are equally as wild.

The bayou country, for instance, seems to lead to a different geologic era entirely. It is not surprising that there are so many fish, bobcats, muskrats, alligators, pelicans, herons and migrating waterfowl: it would hardly seem surprising if a pterodactyl flew by. The Atchafalaya flows through a wilderness 70 miles long and 40 miles wide. It has never been completely mapped or explored. North of the highway that crosses it a side road runs up toward Petite Prairie Bayou and Little Wauksha Bayou, which borders the great St. Landry game preserve. To the south and southeast there are the Whiskey Bay Pilot Channel, the Happytown Oil Field and the network of waterways, Indian Bayou, Boh Tail Bayou, Bayou des Glaives, Bayou La Rose, Plumb Bob Oil Field, Bayou Mal Bouff, Alligator Lake—and beyond these a maze that only a few trappers and commercial fishermen ever penetrate, reaching to the Gulf of Mexico.

Arizona and Louisiana and Washington have plenty of undeveloped land; the problem is different in the eastern states. But there are places in the Adirondacks and the White Mountains in New Hampshire, a long way from motels or developed campsites, where a trailer camper, dependent only upon himself for his night's lodgings, can explore a sort of semiwilderness with a flavor of its own.

Take the laurel highlands of Pennsylvania. Follow Highway 31 east for two miles after you leave the Pennsylvania Turnpike at the Donegal Interchange, 50 miles east of Pittsburgh. Turn right again along Indian Creek on Highway 381. The road runs almost due south through a narrow valley between those two strange parallel ridges that sweep in gigantic arcs across western Pennsylvania, Laurel Ridge on the east and Chestnut Ridge on the west, steep and thickly wooded walls that rise to 2,000 and 3,000 feet on either side. The road winds along the creek below dark weathered rocks and hardwood forests and immense patches of laurels and rhododendrons, with a score or more mountain streams cascading down in so many miles—great deer-hunting and trout-fishing country, but principally valued now because it is the sort of terrain that the Pennsylvania Forest and Water Department, in a rare burst of official eloquence, once described as possessing "a special appeal for those who enjoy seclusion."

Where the valley narrows to little more than a canyon you cross the Youghiogheny River, a turbulent stream that pours through a narrow defile after its juncture with the Indian. There you leave the highway to reach a destination with the unlikely name of Ohiopyle Falls. History of a sort is connected with the place. Washington supposedly gave up trying to find a water route from Virginia to Pittsburgh when he discovered the falls—but the importance of this particular part of the American woodlands at the moment has nothing to do with its past. Like fresh air and pure water, it is remarkable for what it lacks rather than for what it possesses, and like a good many other relatively unknown places of moderate outdoor attractiveness it has an increasingly rare commodity to offer to mankind—a few square miles of reasonably untroubled solitude.

Last summer, when we were camped not far from the

banks of the wild Bumping River in the Cascade Mountains of Washington, there was a commotion downstream a way just after dark. Through the forest there shortly appeared a family wheeling its camping trailer, which they had unhitched from the car back on the Forest Service road. With the aid of a flashlight, they guided the trailer expertly around and between the trunks of some good-sized pines and parked it on a sort of terrace that sloped down gently to the water. Then the light of a lantern gleamed whitely over the river and the branches high overhead, a fire started crackling, a tent was opened out and air mattresses were inflated in a matter of minutes. They had driven down from Bremerton Navy Yard, 150 miles or so, after the day's work, but what made them representative of the new generation of trailer campers was that they had been doing the same thing on vacations and long weekends for several years: the youngest boy learned to walk on this pine-needle-carpeted ground.

The endless appeal of this kind of camping is the sense of discovery, the finding of the sort of place you like, not because somebody built a camp there but because it suits your own inclinations. In *The Columbia*, Murray Morgan gave a classic description of the process: he had driven the dirt road to Downie's Creek, above Revelstoke and along the Columbia River in British Columbia, the old road that

Drawn by George Fries



In an angle, the forested hills around Pennsylvania's Ohiopyle Falls look much as they did when Washington first saw them.

skirted the edge of some of the wildest country on the continent and which has now been supplanted by the Trans-Canada Highway. "Few roads in the world cross terrain as rugged or as beautiful," Morgan wrote. "The snow mountains stand close to the river. The forest is predominantly cedar and the sharp smell of cedar is strong in the thin, cool

continued

mountain air. The Columbia is a living thing, strong and beautiful, and the sound of the river is a deep purr. Here in the dark forest beside the two rivers is one of the lovely campsites of America. Squatting by a fire roasting meat at the end of a green stick while the sky darkened and the pinpoint stars expanded and the nightbirds called in the woods, it was easy to slip back a century to the nights when the voyagers sang in the darkness. . . ."

Or take Canyon de Chelly. "This whole state is just one big trailer park," an oldtime camper wrote. "One of our sites is in the Navajo reservation above the Painted Desert in northern Arizona. Rock spires and monuments tower a thousand feet above the canyon floor. Cliff dwellings are nearby and Indians herd their sheep. National Park facilities are rough but adequate for anyone trailering."

As a matter of fact, the Park Service issues a warning to all visitors that it will take no responsibility for people who get stuck in the sands of Canyon de Chelly, but experienced trailer campers say that anyone who can pull a trailer can make it. About 230 miles west of Albuquerque and some 360 miles northeast of Phoenix, Canyon de Chelly is as secluded as ancient Petra on the edge of the Arabian Desert and is strangely akin to that deserted city of rose-colored

only one way in and one way out. Through the sandy road-way you reach a hidden green recess between red canyon walls that are increasingly high and close together. At seven miles you come to spectacular monuments like Spider Rock, and a junction with a side canyon, and a cliff dwelling built in a fold high on the face of a stupendous concave gold and greenish-blue gemlike cliff. Farther on there is a magnificent 90-room, three-story structure built by Indians centuries ago in a recessed shelf that measures about 300 feet long and 100 feet deep and stands 300 feet above the canyon floor. A camper who stops under the huge cottonwoods on the banks of the creek, with the sheer canyon walls towering above and the haunting ruins of a hidden civilization around him, will find the seclusion of De Chelly deep enough. Nor will he be crowded. "In some places in Arizona there are local restrictions against trailering," a camper wrote, "but in most it's just pull over into some meadow and camp."

Even in the underprivileged East you can drive from New York down the New Jersey Turnpike, follow Highway 13 through eastern Maryland, cross over to Norfolk and in a few more miles (after driving along the Great Dismal Swamp Canal) reach the northern end of the Outer Banks, 70 miles of almost unbroken isolation, at Kitty Hawk. On all the long beaches that stretch from Oregon Inlet to Cape Hatteras and Ocracoke, one of the longest undeveloped expanses of the U.S. eastern coast, you can travel for miles in a seclusion broken only by shorebirds and surf casters. The threat that hangs over most undeveloped areas, the ever-present likelihood of their commercial development as soon as they become popular, has been removed: this windblown coast is the first National Recreation Area, run by the Park Service, and frozen in its present status of half a dozen small villages and one through road. Here you can camp at any time during the year. Here, too, the Park Service warns that it will not be responsible for towing your car and trailer out of the dunes, but campers say you can get wherever you want to go without trouble.

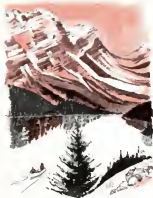
Or consider the Musquacook Lakes in Maine. You can drive to the town of Daaquam on the border between Maine and Quebec and follow an International Paper Company road south into the Allagash wilderness—a private road open to public use, in the way that the embattled Allagash is a private timberland given over like a park to the public. Campsites have been opened along Second Musquacook Lake—there is a chain of five Musquacooks—for the first time this summer. They are screened in birch groves above the smooth gravel beaches that were formed years ago when the log-drive dams went out. They are nothing new in Maine, where the Forest Department runs 400-odd state campsites, but they reach still deeper into the biggest wilderness east of the Mississippi and, for people who want seclusion even more profound, they edge the wilds of Horse Rapids in the steep mountain country where the Musquacook River joins the Allagash.

Or take the rugged invitation to Mesquite Springs in Death Valley National Monument, where a few hardy trailer campers have found a new pastime in testing the rigors of the region. You drive northeast from Los Angeles 350 miles on Highway 190, and the road drops down and down into the powdery white valley floor, stony gravel and bushes that



Even a landlubber can sense the excitement at lighthouse-guarded, wreck-strewn Cape Hatteras on North Carolina's Outer Banks.

rock. You drive over transcontinental highways to Gallup, then north to Highway 68, then 52 miles west through uninhabited country, then turn right on an unnumbered road leading through the dry bleached mountains and lunar emptiness and silence of the Navaho lands—"A country that seems to be grieving over something," a literate cowhand named Andy Adams once wrote. At the town of Chumle (pop. 150), 32 miles above Highway 68, there is an opening that leads into the canyon along the stream bed. There is



Near Kanazaskis in Alberta you can still big game, fish for grayling, hunt blue grouse or climb the Devils and spectacular vistas.

look like dead sticks, to a point 279 6 feet below sea level, the lowest point on the continent. Nothing hereabouts is easy—the temperature ranges upward to 140°, and warnings read: “Do not attempt to walk in the valley in summer.” Past the ruins of gold mines and borax works the road climbs above sea level to a tiny campsite at Mesquite Springs, where there are spring water, fireplaces and room for seven campers. Death Valley campers, who are usually rock hunters, scorn these comforts, however, and camp in more representative barren rock. And there is a commercial trailer park at Furnace Creek Ranch near Mesquite Springs in case the hardships of the valley become too taxing.

Or take the whole Olympic Peninsula in Washington, where Point of Arches juts out from the rain forest and the all-but-unknown Olympic Mountains. The bench is a few miles short of being the westernmost point of the contiguous U.S., and the Olympic Peninsula is a drenched, wind-whipped land, with magical interludes when the sunlight breaks through and the stupendous vistas of mountains and forest and sea open out as if a curtain has risen.

There are innumerable others: protected regions like the Sand Hills of Nebraska or the game preserve of Cheyenne Bottoms in central Kansas, the marvelous camps of Canada or, better still, the great camping areas, like those that lie along the forestry trunk road to Kanazaskis Lake and the Burnt-Timber country northwest of Calgary, or along the Alaska Highway, where the Canadian government lists 97 services and facilities in 1,221 miles, including 15 campgrounds and 63 service stations. For that matter, camping is generally permitted anywhere in most of the 150 national forests of the U.S., outside the innumerable campgrounds as well as within them, and the national forests are still among the matchless treasures of the earth, covering an area roughly one-quarter the size of Europe outside the Iron Curtain, or about equal in extent to the 13 original

states from Maine to Georgia as far west as the Great Lakes. There is still enough wilderness—or at least uncrowded woods—to go around. But it has to be sought out. Theodore Winthrop gave as good an account as there is of what the wilderness can mean when he described his first visit to Mount Rainier in *Cowee and Saddle*, the one great book about the Pacific Northwest. “It was a giant mountain dome of snow, swelling and seeming to fill the aerial spheres as its image displaced the deep blues of tranquil water . . . Yet there was nothing unsympathetic in its isolation, or despotism in its distant majesty. Our lives forever demand and need visual images that can be symbols to us of the grandeur or sweetness of repose . . . And studying the light and majesty there entered into my being an image of solemn beauty which I could therefore evoke whenever in the world I must have peace or die.”

The Outdoor Resources people put it less emotionally, but plainly enough: “There is a composite value in wilderness recreation. . . . It derives from all the activities and experiences one enjoys or doesn’t enjoy—camping, primitive travel, exhaustion, incomparable solitude, miserable weather—in a setting big enough for their simultaneous happening with elbow room.” While this country’s areas of true wilderness are shrinking, there is a place for “transition recreation zones belted around the periphery of reserved wilderness areas.” And trailer campers are leading the way to them. As the Resources Commission says, “Many people now unhappily overcrowded in well-known parks, or driven to remote areas beyond their camping capabilities, might find their needs satisfied in these intermediate zones. A generation might have another chance to learn at firsthand the variety and wonder and the unforgettable beauty of the American woods and the summer sun.”

END

FOR THE LATEST IN CAMP COOKERY TURN PAGE



Above Mesquite Springs in Death Valley the Funeral Mountains and Panamint hills held their secrets against hopeful prospectors.

SOME TRICKS FOR THE ROADSIDE ESCOFFIER

For those hundreds of thousands of nomadic chefs who use the trailer as their base of operations, one rule governs the cooking device that has to fit in with all the luggage and camping gear: the simpler the better. Nothing but a forked twig and a string could be simpler than the three new camper's stoves shown here. The Safari bucket, at the left in the picture opposite, cooks a first-rate steak, for example, with the heat supplied by only four pages of a newspaper. There is nothing new about the idea of a bucket slashed at the bottom—the principle has been used in the Australian outback, in native quarters of African cities, in American Army bases all over Europe and Asia and by boy scouts everywhere. But none of the homemade variety are as handy as this one, which collapses like a camper's old-fashioned water cup. To get the best result, the fat should be left on the steak. It feeds the flame from the newspaper as it drops, and increases the heat, producing a steak with a real charcoal-broiled taste. Do not use the color pages; if you do, your steak will taste like *Peasants*.

The Sundiner, in the top right-hand corner of the picture, is a fair-weather friend that takes in plain sunshine and turns out hamburgers, biscuits or chicken without a match being struck. It folds into a handy case weighing slightly less than 13 pounds, and the fuel is free—when the sun is shining.

A surer source of heat—particularly for the evening meal—is the Blueet S200, the pressure-gas stove you see at the bottom of the opposite page. It was developed by the French, those inveterate roadside eaters and campers. The stove weighs only 1½ pounds, yet it turns out just as much heat as the burner of a kitchen range. The fuel is contained in a cartridge, which is replaceable. One cartridge lasts four to five hours.

But most of the country's open-air chefs are still getting solid results from instruments using charcoal—grills, hibachis and pits dug in beach or field. They are also still having the same old arguments about length of cooking

time, proper distance from the flame, whether to use tenderizers or not, intensity of heat and so on.

Actually, a good cut of steak (next to hamburger, the most popular cookout meat in the land) put directly on the coals and quick-broiled has its juices sealed in and comes off the fire with a real hot-coal char, rather than with the smudge that results from slow cooking and constant fat drippings. The meat should be at least an inch thick. Old-fashioned charcoal is generally better for steaks than briquets, because it produces intense heat quickly and, because it is made from aromatic wood, imparts a better flavor to the meat. Hickory, of course, is the classic addition to the charcoal on which steaks are cooked. An even better one is grapevine twigs. In fact, those who are lucky enough to live in grape country would do well to cook their steaks above the coals of vine twigs and forget about charcoal.

If herbs are used they should be dropped on the coals rather than on the meat. The smoke from burning herbs adds a delicious flavor. Rosemary, which dries better than most, is especially good for steaks; sage goes well with spareribs, tarragon with chicken, and the dried leaves of anise with fish.

Motorized campers journeying into strange territory should try the specialties of the region, as relief from all that hamburger and steak. Around Portland, Ore., where salmon and steelhead abound, the cooks on beach parties nail fillets of fish to two-foot sections of driftwood boards, soaked beforehand to avoid scorching, and then drop them on bonfires of fragrant alder. In Minneapolis one of the favorite delicacies is a diminutive turkey, the Minnesota Small White, which has been bred down to a finished weight of about 5½ pounds. The local specialists cook the bird slowly over briquet coals, which retain a low heat much longer than charcoal. The turkey is split, rubbed with oil and lemon juice, then basted carefully with butter to counteract dryness. It is kept far enough away from the coals to insure gradual cooking.

A New England specialty that is a favorite of Ross McKenney, a river and trail guide for 45 years and formerly adviser to the Dartmouth Outing Club, is "beanhole beans." A pot containing salt pork, beans, molasses, tomato sauce and onions is buried in the ground on hot coals and left to cook for 24 hours.

Hunters along the Rio Grande in Texas roll ducks, feathers still on, in river clay and drop them on an open fire. When the ducks are done the feathers come off with the hardened clay, and the meat is tender and juicy. In backyard city parties, Texas hosts use flowerpots as hibachis, each one containing a few hot coals and a grill of chicken wire on top. Turkey slices (cut from whole frozen turkeys) or small beefsteaks are cooked by the guests to their own taste.

Oyster cookouts are popular along the Atlantic coast down to Charleston, Savannah and Jacksonville. The oysters are bought by the bushel and dumped onto a hot grill or onto chicken wire over hot coals. Beer or bourbon—or both—go well with oysters. Almost anything—from table wine to malt Scotch—encourages a steak. —PAMELA KNIGHT

The Safari bucket (left) costs \$10.95, and the French Blueet S200 (lower right) \$7.95, with refill, at Abernethy & Fitch. The Sundiner (top right), a solar oven, is available across the country for \$29.95.





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BOARD, BOOKS AND BIRDIES

Young men who can hit golf balls 300 yards are now being recruited as eagerly as fullbacks by U.S. colleges. The result is a new look on the campus and on the professional tour as well

by DAN JENKINS

It was hardly two good Aussie shots ago that the majority of college athletic directors were classing golf somewhere between meat-loaf baking and fossil hunting in the spectrum of collegiate activities, and there are still a few who think only in terms of the crammed arenas of football and basketball. But most of those have come to agree in recent years that a par-smashing golfer is almost as good for prestige as a bone-crunching fullback or a second-string bone-crunching fullback—at least. The result has been a much more kindly reception when this young man appears in a registrar's office and confesses that they may have duhhed a few courses in high school Latin but are consistently long and straight off the tee. What this has

all meant is a new way for the golfing talent of the country to refine its skills.

It is not clear whether promising young golfers suddenly discovered that colleges were the best places to build their games for serious professional or amateur play or the colleges decided that good golfers were likely to make fine future ambassadors for them. Whatever the case, it is becoming obvious that America's campuses are producing today's good players. Not many years ago they came only out of the caddy shacks, they fed on soda pop, and old, bent clubs were the tools of their education. The Hogans, Nelsons and Sneads, who clawed a special kind of immortality out of hard times, came no closer to a campus

than today's collegians come to the caddy houses. It is a new day, and a better one all around, because the universities have become the high manors of major league golf, and the prospects are that everyone concerned will continue sharing the benefits of this evolution.

A recent survey by the National Collegiate Athletic Association shows that 225 colleges now have access to a total of 259 golf courses in the U.S., and the colleges are using them. The NCAA golf championships, which 10 years ago drew a field of only 135, had 215 entries last year. In 1950 only 25% of the pros on the PGA tour had come up through the college ranks. Now 70% of the players on the tour have been exposed to college. If the scoreboards at tournaments were

continued

COACH DAVE WILLIAMS (CENTER) AND HIS HOUSTON HOTSHOTS, WRIGHT GARRETT, KERMIT ZARLEY, FRED MARTI AND MARK HOPKINS





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to list the players by universities instead of resort hotels and real estate development offices, sports fans who have never shed their old school ties would find plenty to whoop about. For example: LSU has Freddie Haas, Earl Stewart, Jay and Lionel Hebert, Johnny Pott and Gardner Dickinson; Duke has Mike Souchak and Art Wall; North Texas State has Billy Maxwell and Don January; Florida has Doug Sanders, Dave Ragin and Tommy Aaron. Wherever he plays, Bobby Nichols is nearly always



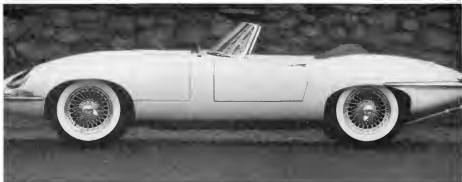
AARON HARRIS, U.S. AMATEUR CHAMPION

followed by the familiar, if quite distracting, Texas A&M cry of "Gig 'em, Aggies."

Moreover, for the past several years the big amateur tournaments have been completely dominated by collegians. Jack Nicklaus was barely a junior at Ohio State when he first won the U.S. Amateur in 1959, and he was a decrepit 21-year-old senior when he won again in 1961. In between, Deane Beman, who was not yet out of the University of Maryland, was the winner. Last year at Pinehurst, Labron Harris Jr., son of the Oklahoma State golf coach and just four months removed from that campus, swept through a dazzling field almost as if he were winning the Stillwater, Okla. city championship. Tucked away in the Ozarks at the University of Arkansas is a tall young man named Richard H. Sikes. Sikes is a senior there and already has won two U.S. Public Links championships, has made a trip to Japan for the

continued

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BOOKS AND BIRDIES continued

World Amateur and has competed twice in the Masters. Ahead is a journey to the Walker Cup matches in England—which adds up to a pretty good education in itself for Sikes, who says that if it were not for golf he would be a chicken plucker in Springdale, Ark.

"The best amateur golf in the world is played in college," Lahron Harris, the stern Oklahoma State coach and father of the Amateur champion, said recently. "Let me pick a team of college players and I'll beat the tail off the Walker Cup



DICK SIKES, U.S. PUBLIC LINKS CHAMPION

team. These college boys play every day and they play good. Some of those fellows on the Walker Cup have to work for a living."

A more fascinating experiment might be for either Harris' hypothetical all-stars or the Walker Cup team to try to beat the one college that has gone into the game the way the Yankees went into baseball. That is the University of Houston.

Houston has won 51 of 68 tournaments it has entered in the last 10 years. It has won six of the last seven NCAA team championships and five of the last six individual trophies with such players as Phil Rodgers, Jacky Cupin, Rex Baxter, Dick Crawford and Kermin Zarley. Zarley is the team's current star. He has won six straight collegiate titles, beginning with the NCAA last year, where he defeated teammate Homero Blancas in the finals. (Blancas is just good enough to have once shot a 55 and to have

continued



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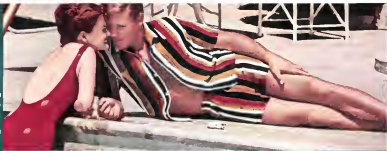
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**TOP
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finished third in the recent Houston Classic, where the field included most of the PGA tour's best.)

As with any other highly successful team, Houston has seen glamorous (and not so glamorous) stories rise out of the moss and oaks of its sprawling campus. It has been claimed by rival coaches that Houston certainly ought to win, because it gives 20 full scholarships for golf, the Houston players hit 800 practice balls a day, play the entire year, get more deals than half of the winners on the professional tour and are forced to go 54 holes after dark if they happen to be caught carrying textbooks.

"We don't condone their methods of recruiting," says a Big Ten Coach. "or the amount of golf they play. We can't reach their level, so unless something is done about them they'll continue to dominate college golf."

Labron Harris, probably Houston's hottest rival, says, "I'm convinced we could have a national championship at Oklahoma State if we wanted to use the money. Apparently those Texas boys don't have to spend much time in class."

"Houston has opened up the scholarship field for college golf," says one coach in the southern California area, a locale where the colleges would like to give Houston a few golf lessons but find they just can't compete. "One year Houston had 25 kids try out for five freshman places. Mike Riley, one of the good young players from the Los Angeles area, shot a 72, finished about 14th and came right back home."

Remarks like these led the NCAA to investigate Houston's golf activities. The findings presumably were that Houston does not condone its golfers—either academically or financially—any more than most institutions lavish special care on their football players. The school was not censured.

Houston's prosperity does stem from tangible things, but not exactly those its detractors cite at such length. It has a salubrious Gulf Coast climate that permits daily practice throughout most of the year; four scholarships (per four years, not per year) that Coach Dave Williams eagerly keeps split up 12 to 15 ways; free access to the city's numerous country clubs; its own invitation tournament, the All-America Intercollegiate, which nets as much as \$9,000 in profits;

continued

THE NATURAL GENTLEMAN



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terrific competition among the players themselves (over the years four national junior champions have left the campus disenchanted and consistently beaten); and, of course, that infectious winning tradition.

More important than any of these is Dave Williams himself. Williams is a persuasively friendly man of 44 who has kept his wavy hair and quick smile. He still wears a dark suit and white shirt, the uniform of an associate professor of engineering, which he was, and he still has the assertive forwardness of an insurance salesman, which he was not. His salary, \$9,000, would make a football coach blush for shame, his car is a Chevrolet, not a Cadillac, and his six-room home is paid for by Williams, not Houston. What he is is a golf fanatic and a Houston fanatic. He laughs off his critics as merely envious. "Old Labron [Harris] is always saying things to hurt us," Williams says, "but he's a competitor and I respect that."

Harry Fouke, the University of Houston's athletic director, assesses Williams well. "I firmly believe that if you look closely behind any successful collegiate spring sport program you'll find a character," says Fouke. "Dave Williams is a character, but a very likable one. You know, he seriously believes that it means more to Houston to win a national championship in golf than in football. His attitude rubs off on his golfers. They believe it, too."

Williams insists, "All I've ever tried to do besides win is raise college golf to a higher level of appreciation. I wanted us to be recognized as athletes, because that's what we are. You might notice that our letter jackets are just like the football team's."

It is no bargain playing for Williams, unless one happens to like a closefit of silverware. Houston golfers may not smoke during a competition round, a restriction that would set Arnold Palmer and L&M back a century. Neither may they smoke on the campus. They may not relax in the 19th holes of the clubs in Houston where they practice. And though they may be the Yankees of golf, they travel like the Ponca City Mudhens. Williams loads six or seven players into the rear of an old station wagon, plops a mattress down for them to sleep on, and drives off into the night. He

continued



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gives them \$3 per day for meal money—most Houston golfers are lean and hungry-looking—and he headquarters at modest motels.

Houston plays a limited schedule of six or seven tournaments a year, and no dual matches. But Williams takes his freshman team on trips to Florida and New Mexico, journeys he doesn't hesitate to mention when recruiting.

"I'm strict," Williams says proudly. "My boys can't play in the National Open, not as long as it comes so close to the NCAA championship. [This year they actually conflict.] If Jack Nicklaus had played for Houston he would never have gone to the Open. We're a team. We think like an athletic team, and we work like one. Why, I don't care about any of our kids winning the NCAA individual title. It's nice, but we're there for the team championships. Our job is not to make any double bogeys."

His players, in turn, appreciate both his scheduling and his attitude. The Williams schedule limits the times that his boys must compete in match play. This lets them concentrate on stroke competition, which they will have to play if they become professionals and thus prefer. The Williams attitude develops the mental stamina, determination and willingness to practice that are musts now on the pro tour.

Williams has never been through the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, but he can keep a straight face and a sincere tone when he expresses amazement at the splendid players who keep turning up at Houston from places like Yakima, Wash., Pocatello, Idaho, and Danville, Va. "There weren't many schools paying attention to golf when we got started," Williams says. "The young hotshots were looking for a place to go, and we took them."

It is true enough that 10 to 15 years ago all a college had to do to build a great golf team was decide it wanted one. There is the case of Wake Forest, for example. Jim Weaver, now commissioner of the Atlantic Coast Conference, formerly was athletic director and golf coach there. "We always went down to the Southern Intercollegiate in Athens, Ga. and got clobbered by North Texas State and those few schools that had been giving golf scholarships for a while," Weaver recalls. "One spring every one of our players got eliminated after 36 holes. That year the principal at a school

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in Athens had decided to change a previous policy of letting his boys out to caddy during the tournament, so there were no caddies. A couple of the coaches suggested that the Wake Forest players be used as caddies. That was too much. We decided we could have a winning golf team, too. So I devoted six full scholarships to it."

In no time at all Weaver got himself five boys, including Buddy Worsham, the younger brother of Lew Worsham, the 1947 U.S. Open champion. "It took Bud five minutes to make up his mind to come," Weaver says. "He got to school early, and when he heard I still wanted a No. 6 man he suggested a kid from Pennsylvania named Arnold Palmer. I phoned Palmer, and he said, 'Sure.' ["Frankly," Palmer now admits, "I had never heard of Wake Forest."] In two years we were back in Athens winning the team championship, with Arnold winning the individual title." The publicity payoff for Wake Forest has been considerable.

College golf has now developed to the point where winning teams cannot be built in a summer—or in lots of summers. Even Houston has felt the increased recruiting competition, but it has the advantage of being a winner. "Once we started winning, the good young players came on their own," Williams says. "Even so, other schools get more of them, too. We don't have the scholarships some schools do. And we don't have a golf course on the campus like nearly all of the Big Ten schools, which is a big thing. But I write personal letters and make phone calls to every top young player I hear about and try to encourage him to come to Houston. All I actually do in the way of 'coaching' is try to make our players think they're the greatest in the world and also keep them afraid that they might not be."

The supply of players for colleges, nearly all of which now have some scholarship aid to offer, is almost endless today, with so many good junior golf programs and the attraction of the big money that the top professionals can earn. As Ohio State's Bob Kepler says, "Any kid who can play a lick in high school now thinks he deserves a scholarship." If he can shoot a 65 the University of Houston might even take him. **END**



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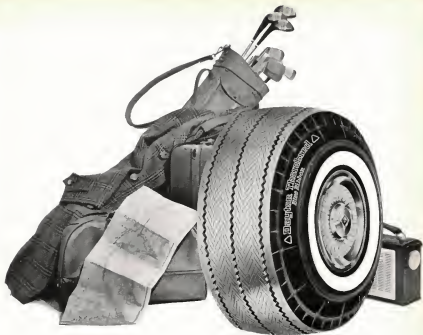
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How they row in Ratzeburg

The town of Ratzeburg (population about 12,100) sits between two mirrorlike lakes in Germany's Schleswig-Holstein. Until recently it has been notable chiefly for being 900 years old, and for having a bishopric established in 1154 by Henry the Lion. In the last few weeks, however, Ratzeburg has become famous, in the U.S. at least, for being the home town of an apparently tireless eight-oared crew that has systematically beaten the best oarsmen this country could muster during its month-long visit to the eastern U.S. So far the Ratzeburg crew, the first German eight to come here since 1932, has defeated Pennsylvania, Princeton, Columbia, Georgetown and the New York AC, as well as St. Catharines of Canada. This Saturday, in their final race, they will try for the Eastern Sprint Championship on Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, Mass.

This success of the Germans has come as no surprise to most American rowing coaches. Nine of the 10 visiting oarsmen (two came along as spares) were members of the German crew that won the world championship at Lake Rotsee over a championship crew from the U.S.S.R. The Russians, who in reality were all Lithuanians, already had de-

fented three of America's best eights—those from Cornell, Washington and the Vesper Boat Club—on Philadelphia's Schuylkill River. Moreover, lending left to the German shell are two members of the German eight-oared crew that won the 1960 Olympic championship in Rome. Prior to that victory, American crews had rowed away with every Olympic eight-oared championship since 1920.

Like rowing clubs the world over, Ratzeburg is not noted for its solvency. In 1958 it had to borrow an eight to win the German championship. Since then it has managed to acquire two eight-oared shells and has two more on order. It also owns 10 single sculls, six doubles and four four-oared shells. Two of Ratzeburg's fours are designed to be raced without benefit of coxswain but its eight is steered by a sturdy little 14-year-old named Thomas Ahrens who handles a racing shell like Graham Hill handles a Grand Prix auto.

Far more important to the German crew than its boats, its snug boathouse and its inspired coxswain, however, is its coach, Stocky, dedicated, 51-year-old Dr. Karl Adam, a former boxer and hammer thrower, makes his living teaching mathematics, physics and gymnastics at a Ratzeburg high school. The Herr

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Doktor helped found the local rowing club in 1953. In 1956 he accompanied the German crews to the Olympics in Australia, as sculling coach. Upset by a German debacle, he returned to Ratzburg full of revolutionary ideas to improve matters. During the winter Adam set his aspiring oarsmen to a strenuous program of gymnastics, running and weight lifting. (German crews never practice in tanks in the winter as many Americans do.) In spring and summer they rowed—but only now and then in the big shells. Since it was difficult to get eight men together at the same time, they generally practiced in sculls. In the light, extremely narrow boats, Dr. Adam reasoned, oarsmen get a better feel of the water. Besides, it is easier for the coach to determine who the strongest rowers are simply by pitting them in races against each other.

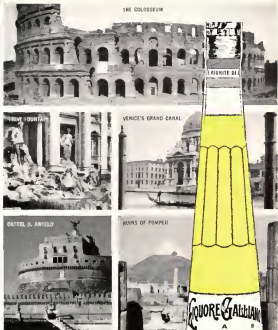
From track, Adam borrowed a system of conditioning called interval training, in which a runner goes as fast as he can for a set period of time or distance, jogs for another set period, then sprints again. He never stops to rest during his entire workout.

Ratzburg's coach also found, by experimentation, a kind of magic number for applying this system to whip his rowers into condition for best performance over 2,000 meters—the Olympic and international championship distance for eight-oared crews.

The magic number lies somewhere between 500 and 600 meters. After five days of sculling, Adam takes his eight best rowers, gives them big sweeps in place of their sculls and puts them in a shell. From a racing start, he has them tug away as fast as they can for the magic distance. They then paddle back to the starting point, rowing one-handed and chatting together if they wish. Reaching the start, they once again drive down the course. They do this from six to eight times, trying hard to reach the finish line in exactly the same number of seconds (give or take half a second) each time they row. If they can do this, say eight times in a single afternoon, reasons Dr. Adam, they can row 2,000 meters in competition at the extremely high, extremely smooth stroke their coach has settled on as necessary to demoralize all opponents.

This stroke is the highest in the history of eight-oared rowing. The Germans, who sit relatively upright in their boat,

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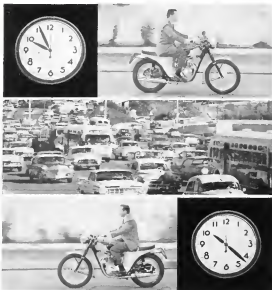


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ROWING *continued*

take off at 50 strokes per minute—a figure that makes American racing crowds gasp when they hear it announced—then average, for the 2,000 meters, about 40. Most American crews, which use a longer, slower stroke, start at around 44 strokes and average 38 for a 2,000-meter race. The Americans reach forward more, keep their oars in the water longer, drive the shell farther with each stroke. But “the Germans just stick ‘em in and take ‘em out,” grunted one coach after the Ratzburg victory on Lake Carnegie. That they can keep up this fatiguing beat for the second and third 500 meters of a 2,000-meter race speaks well for interval training.

With superbly conditioned oarsmen at his disposal, Adam has been able to experiment in other directions. He has designed a spoon-shaped blade, slightly shorter than that used by most American crews, which, he maintains, produces less slippage in the water. He also experimented with shells in which the No. 4 and No. 5 oarsmen row on the same side, to provide better steering.

The trouble with us

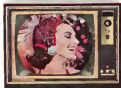
Coach Adam's principal asset, however, is his rowers. They are not large by rowing standards—their average height is 6 feet 2, and their average weight is 180 pounds. Their average age is 23. Most of them are students, though the bowman is an insurance clerk, and No. 3 is an apprentice electrician. One U.S. coach has called them the best crew he ever saw. On Lake Carnegie, against Princeton, Columbia and Pennsylvania, the Ratzburgers not only rowed in the windiest lane but used a lightweight shell. (They felt that the first shell Princeton offered them was too old.) Though this shell had less free-board than a heavyweight, and the distance—a mile and three-quarters—was around 800 meters farther than the distance they are trained for, they won impressively over a fired-up Columbia eight. “It shows our training is good for a mile and three-quarters as well as for 2,000 meters,” said Adam.

“The success of the Germans—in borrowed boats, on strange waters and against some of the best competition we can furnish,” said the coach of one of the crews Ratzburg beat, “makes you wonder what is wrong with American rowing.” Dr. Adam gave him the answer. “American rowing,” he said sadly, “has not changed in 50 years.”

END



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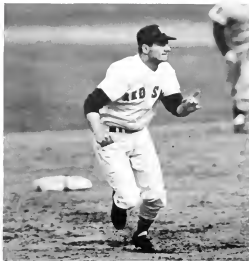
Red Sox fans do not believe that Carl Yastrzemski is another Ted Williams. No, indeed. But he may be another Stan Musial

Nearly everyone in the American League is talking about Carl Yastrzemski of the Boston Red Sox. With the season not much more than a month old, unsolicited comments like "the new Ted Williams" and "the next great player" keep cropping up like dandelions on a green spring lawn. This is interesting because Yastrzemski, who is only 23, received an overdose of praise and publicity in 1961 when the Red Sox first brought him up to the majors, then showed little to justify the clamor. He had a mild season, hitting .266 with 11 home runs and, though Boston did produce the American League's Rookie of

the Year, it was Pitcher Don Schwall instead of Yastrzemski.

Last year he was again nothing much more than an ordinary ballplayer at the beginning of the season. Then, with quiet suddenness and no publicity, Yastrzemski matured as a big leaguer. From the middle of May until the end of the year he hit over .300 and finished with an overall batting average of .296, with 19 home runs and 96 runs batted in. He was fourth in the league in base hits and runs scored and, surprisingly enough, in total bases, too, ahead of such famed sluggers as Harmon Killebrew, who hit 48 home runs, and Jim Gentile, Mickey Mantle

continued



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BASEBALL continued

and Roger Maris, each with 30 or more. This season Yastrzemski has hit well and steadily almost from opening day, has kept his batting average in the .300s and has left contrails of applause and admiration wherever he played. He is not "the new Ted Williams" and he never will be, but whether he is "the next great player" is something else again. Don't bet against it.

Yaz—there had to be some nickname—won't be another Williams because he is an entirely different type of player. He doesn't have Williams' size—Yastrzemski is listed at 6 feet and 180 pounds but seems smaller than that and wiry—and he does not have Williams' power. He is not a home run hitter. He is more like Stan Musial, for his forte is the sharp line drive, the two-base hit. He may hit a ton of homers in his career, as Musial has, but they will come almost incidentally. He can bunt, too, and he hits to all fields. Williams almost never hit to left (remember the Williams shift?), whereas half of Yastrzemski's base hits seem to go to left.

An unscientific hat

Nor is Yastrzemski as scientific a batter as Williams. Ted never swung at a pitch he considered out of the strike zone, and he received a great many walks, but Yaz is so eager to hit the ball that he often goes after bad pitches. He acts as though he would rather be hanged from the left-field wall in Fenway Park than take a pitch that might be called a strike. Thus he receives far fewer walks than he should. When he bats, his intensity is almost unbelievable. One night last week in Baltimore he came up in the first inning with two men on base. He swung at the first pitch and fouled it off. He took the second and, when it was called a strike, he lifted his head as though in pain and swore at himself for letting it go by. The next pitch was far outside, and Yastrzemski, after stumbling halfway across home plate in his eagerness to swing, let it go. He fouled another pitch and took another ball well outside. Each time his hands tightened on the bat until the knuckles went white and the muscles in his forearms quivered. Finally he singled to left, driving in a run. When he came back to first base and tagged up, he looked physically exhausted and emotionally spent. Red Sox Coach Billy Herman said, "He just wants to so badly. I've golfed with Yaz

continued



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BASEBALL continued

and bowled and played cards with him, and in everything he wants to be the best. He wants to be the best every time."

The most obvious difference between Yastrzemski and Williams is in fielding. Williams was slow-footed and, at best, only an adequate outfielder. Yastrzemski is excellent. He has good speed; he gets an instant jump on the ball and he has superb reflexes. He made a play in Kansas City early this month that the Red Sox talked about for days. He went back for a long fly, jumped, caught the ball and crashed into the fence. As he came crumpling down he turned and threw all the way to first base to double up the runner, Bobby Del Greco, who had logically assumed that the ball could not be caught.

Last week in Baltimore, Yaz went back and to his left for a hard, flat line drive that had been hit deep to left center. He leaped, lost his hat, caught the ball, fell to the ground, rolled over and came to his feet facing the infield with his arm cocked to throw. Another time, with Jim Gentile on first base, Brooks Robinson hit a sharp drive down the left-field line. It seemed a certain double, possibly a triple, but Yastrzemski sprinted to the foul line, dipped his glove, took the ball like an infielder and threw to third base in time to catch Gentile sliding in. Last year Yaz led all American League outfielders in assists with 15, and that throw in Baltimore made it six already this season. "They run on him," Billy Herman said happily. "I hope they keep on running."

The question was raised why Yastrzemski plays left field instead of center, especially since left field in Fenway Park is both shallow and bounded by a high wall. Williams played left there; it was recalled, because it was the least demanding field to play. General Manager Mike Higgins of the Red Sox says, "You ought to see Yastrzemski play that field. Ted played the wall pretty good, you know, but Yastrzemski plays it perfectly. He takes balls off that wall like—well, I don't believe there's a ball hit off that wall that he doesn't hold it to a single. And he cuts off runs. They don't score from second when he takes a base hit off the wall. That's why he's there. He's more valuable in left than in center."

"Yaz is the best left fielder in the league," says Higgins, a taciturn man not usually given to glowing comments. "He's an exciting ballplayer."

END



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Act II: same cast, new set

The next leg in the Triple Crown calls for a change in the script

You might think that the strategy for this Saturday's Preakness would be fairly obvious, since the first four finishers in the Kentucky Derby are not only in the field but clearly dominate it. But the fact is that no matter what anyone figures or tries to plan, the two classics are rarely run the same way. The owners, trainers and jockeys behind Chateaugay, Never Bend, Candy Spots and On My Honor (in order of their Derby finish) are well aware of this.

One big reason is that the track at Pimlico, with its sharper turns and slightly shorter homestretch, favors speed horses, which Churchill Downs does not. Jimmy Conway, Chateaugay's trainer, concedes that without No Robbery to press the pace or to take it outright (he's not in the race and neither is swift Ahoy) a further advantage must be given to Never Bend. "He will be more difficult to catch, or certainly harder to get by if and when you do catch him," says Conway, reflecting on past Preaknesses won by front-running types like Bold Ruler and Bully Ache. "On the other hand, a trainer shouldn't try to change his horse's way of running. Chateaugay runs from way back and that's the way he'll run the Preakness. I wouldn't expect to find him 10 lengths out of it at the half-mile pole, as he was at Churchill Downs, but he'll be back nonetheless."

In Chateaugay's favor is the fact that he probably is the most improving horse among the favorites. True, his Derby may have been somewhat set up for him by Never Bend, and aided considerably by Candy Spots running a curious round-about course, but it was his own class and superb condition that, in the end, earned him the roses. He turned the

continued



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HORSE RACING

fourth quarter mile at Louisville in about 23 seconds, and after that it was no disgrace to run the final quarter in 26 2/5 seconds. As Conway says, "He came back in such good condition that I have to think it was one of his easiest races. He must have been fit, and I can promise that he'll be fit on Preakness day."

Certainly Never Bend and Candy Spots should profit from their Derby experience. Never Bend was fit, to be sure, but probably not as fully as he might have been had he not suffered a slight ankle injury at Keeneland. Neither Owner Captain Harry F. Guggenheim nor Trainer Woody Stephens is offering any excuses, but both agree that one race cannot be conclusive. With nothing but admiration for Chateaugay, Stephens says, "The winner moved big and bold and you can't take anything away from him. I just hope Never Bend was a little short in the Derby, and I'm looking for a little improvement in him."

Mesh Tenney, trainer of Candy Spots, does not agree with those who claim his horse was short for the Derby after his five-week layoff or that Jockey Bill Shoemaker gave Candy Spots a poor ride. "Shoe rode a typical Shoe ride," he said last week. "but he was bothered. Going inside of No Robbery, who we suspected might bear out at any time, was the sensible thing to do." In any event, Candy Spots will not be short in the Preakness. Last weekend he won a mile in 1:38 2/5 over an off track—one of the most impressive workouts seen in some time. More impressive perhaps than the time was the easy way Candy Spots moved over the deep Pimlico track and rolled around the steep turns. Some observers think Never Bend, a more compact animal, should be able to swing around any kind of turn, whereas a longer and larger horse like Candy Spots will have trouble. Tenney says, "Whether a horse is willing to make a turn is much more important than his conformation."

Not to be completely overlooked in the Preakness is Maine Chance Farm's Get Around, a lightly raced Citation colt who won last week's Withers steeple in 1:36 3/5 for his third victory in five starts. He is improving now the way Chateaugay was before the Kentucky Derby.

My guess is that the Derby finish will be somewhat rearranged at Pimlico. I say Candy Spots, Never Bend and Chateaugay, followed by Get Around. I can't be wrong again—or can I? **END**

How much tax will you pay over 40 years?



Both Democrats and Republicans seem to agree at this point that U.S. Income Taxes are too high. So do most taxpayers, regardless of party.

But we doubt if very many U.S. citizens realize what their income taxes really add up to.

Take a Union Oil employee, for example, who earns \$600 per month. With a family of four, his Federal income withholding tax each month is \$67.68.

Just to get an idea of how much these taxes amount to in a working lifetime, we made some hypothetical assumptions.

Supposing our Union Oil employee started to work for the company at the age of 25 and retired at 65. Suppose further, for the sake of simplicity, that he earned the same salary throughout his career—\$600 a month.

At \$67.68 per month his taxes would amount to \$812.16 per year. Over a 40-year period, this would total \$32,486.40. But this isn't all of the story.

What would happen, we asked, if our Union Oil employee didn't have to pay any Federal income taxes at all? Say he put his \$67.68 each month into a savings account paying 4% interest compounded semi-annually.

By the time he reached 65, he would have accumulated \$79,300.

Now, obviously, very few people are going to advocate that this country do away with the Federal income tax completely. However, when we realize not only what the average American pays out-of-pocket during a lifetime, but also what it costs him in addition by not having the use of his money, any tax cut assumes a great deal more significance.

If Federal expenditures could be cut to the point where taxes could be reduced by 10%, for instance, it would be worth about \$7,000 to our Union Oil employee. If taxes could be reduced 15, it would amount to over \$24,000.

It seems to us that these sums of money are significant enough to the average U.S. taxpayer to demonstrate the importance of constant vigilance in regard to Federal expenditures and taxes.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: President, Union Oil Company, Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.

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MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL.

Color—strong, vivid color—is the big departure in men's sportswear this summer. Such pussyfooting shades as faded denim and brick, last year's color favorites, pale beside the clear hues of the new jackets and slacks for weekend, club and vacation. What's more, the fashion is to mix colors with audacity, rather than to shy away from combinations.

For several winters Palm Beach residents and Caribbean resort-goers have been wearing slacks in high shades of linen and corduroy. The President golfs in lemon yellow, sails in bright red. In many areas bright slacks worn with knit shirts and loafers have replaced walking shorts.

At country cocktail parties for a couple of summers past there have been occasional brave red and green jackets sprinkled among the old reliable blazers and madras jackets. Pro golfers—who helped start it all—have even taken to black and white and gray to distinguish themselves from the brightly clad spectators in the gallery.

But this is the first summer that yellow, orange and red slacks move from the exotic climate of winter resorts to the American backyard; that men's seersucker jackets

come in so many different stripings—yellow, red and green, in addition to standard gray and blue. Putting all this color together takes steady nerves and a practiced eye. For the unsure and the color-blind, some stores carry, on the same hanger, a preselected combination of sports jacket and trousers that pick up a color from a check plaid or stripe in the jacket.

But this takes away part of the fun. One virtue of the enlarged menswear spectrum is that a man can exercise some individuality for a change. One liability (though it will not be considered such by the men who cut the fabric) is the fact that you cannot wear a memorable raspberry jacket to the club buffet every Sunday night the way you can wear an old, forgettable natural-colored linen. So, hopefully, you will buy two or more. With this in mind, the manufacturers are making jackets and slacks in a variety of extra-cool, easy-care fabrics, among them those shown on the following pages.

The news of color and crispness is not all for men. Both qualities distinguish some of the most feminine women's golf clothes ever to grace a summer fairway. They are pictured on pages 77 to 79. —FRED R. SMITH

SPORTING LOOK

A COOL WAVE OF COLOR

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK KAUFFMAN

Reflected in the enameled red of an Alfa Romeo 2600, a color primer for summer's sporting occasions: blue jacket, yellow trousers, red-and-white shirt. New double-breasted blazers like this one of a summer-weight wool, herald the imminent return of double-breasted suits.







Raspberry jackets appear in many cool fabric variations this summer. They are not intended for the timorous and should be combined boldly with other colors, as they are here. When teamed with tux trousers (below), dinner shirt, bright tie and cummerbund, a salmon-pink jacket becomes formal sportswear, fit company for a lady in a terrace-length evening shift.

New wrinkle-shedding linen blazers (left) are lifted out of the ordinary when worn with vivid light-weight trousers. The result is a fashion which, like the lady's tricolored silk costume, got its start in winter resorts, now moves north with the sun to backyard and country club.





FAIR AND FLOWERY NEW FASHION FOR THE FAIRWAYS

Thanks to the work of a group of top designers known mainly for spectator sports styles, women's golf clothes this summer no longer look like copies of men's. Such tailored touches as bellows pockets for golf balls and tabs for tees are banished. Turbans, hoods and flowered fedoras replace mannish, peaked golf caps. Both designer and golfer Sydney Wragge and designing golf watcher Stella Sloat have contributed beautifully constructed kneecap-length skirts for golfers. Gussie Moran, encouraged by the success of her line of tennis clothes (St. Jan. 28), has come up with a handsome collection for golf, including a crisp, blazer-buttoned seersucker dress. Even shorts and shirts now have a feminine air. Elizabeth Phelps's golfing costume, worn by the turbaned lady at the right, is made in one of the new soft-hued prints that shorts wearers now prefer. The man in the picture is Golf Pro Joe Longo, in the black-and-white air-conditioned golf clothes preferred by professionals: a shirt of ventilated knit Orion worn over slacks of a 5½-ounce linen blend.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEAL BARR

Bicycle shirts, carbon copies of authentic Tour de France team shirts, are the newest sport-inspired fashion. They come in six boldly striped patterns, go over swimsuits or colorful slacks. The ancient penny-farthing bike is appearing in modern-dress version.

Dressier approach to golf clothes is exemplified in Elizabeth Phelps's collection. Above: A golf blouse with slit shoulders, deep-pocketed Bermuda shorts and leather-tabbed belt are in printed piqué. Piqué turban from Madcaps, glove from American Astral.

CONTINUED



SPORTING LOOK *continued*

Flowers cover a classic golf jacket, shirt and fedora from the new Arnold Palmer collection for Leontogs (left). Stella Sloat's kneecapping skirt (below, left) is in ice-blue linen. Sydney Wragge's is deep-pleated yellow linen. The golfer at the right wears Gussie Moran's dress of striped seersucker. Even golf clubs come in pastel colors. They are from Ben Hogan's new line for AMF.



WHERE TO BUY

Page 73 Jacket of 5½-ounce wool homespun by Fashion Pura (\$70, John David, New York; Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh). Shirt by Merrill Sharpe (\$111). Page 74 Occasion-breasted (\$75) and single-breasted (\$70) blazers of linen and Terylene are by Garth & Toms, New York; skirt at Schur's, Palm Beach. Orange trousers of rayon and linen (\$14, Gentry, Pittsburgh). Yellow trousers are Deoron-selton (\$16, The Squire Shop, Hixdale, Ill.). Both by Galsen-Tuck. Ther-silk oysters by Genna Little for Harold Goldstein (\$140, Macy's Little Shop, New York). Top of India slippers. Rattan furniture is by Decorative Imports. Page 75 In top picture left to right, Deoron-cotton jacket by Stanley Bricker (\$35, Bloomington). Linen-and-Terylene jacket by Nurean Hilson (\$80, Connolly's, Dallas). City Spencer's Ltd., Atlanta. Ansel-and cotton jacket by Linett (\$30, Higbee's, Cleveland). Scott's, Palm Beach, Van Driver, Greenwich. In bottom picture, salmon jacket of Deoron-rayon-cotton is by Palm Beach (\$35, Hastings, San Francisco; Waltons, New York). Lady's evening shirt of tullestry-print broadcloth by House of Jamison (\$40, Henri Bendel, New York; i Magnin, Los Angeles). Screened-umbrella: garbato, Abercrombie & Fitch. Page 76 Bicycle shirts are of cotton knit by Jantzen (\$8, Aberbach's, Salt Lake City; Broadstreet's, New York; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle). Both the yellow and red Orion-and-vadase-blend trousers are by Gordon-Ford (\$12, Aberbach's & Fitch, Anderson Blvd., Anderson, Mass.; Mark Fore & Strike, East Hampton, N.Y.). Left: court executives. Peony-fairing bike from England is \$250 at West Coast Cycle Supply, Los Angeles. Page 77 Man's long-sleeved golf shirt is of Orion mesh by Glasgow (\$15); golf trousers (\$27) are of 5½-ounce linen-and-Terylene by Oaks (both at Saks Fifth Avenue). Bottom: Lady's linen vest, Lady's Bermuda golf shorts, basketball shirt and belt, all of printed rayon, are by Elizabeth Perkins (\$30, Lord & Taylor, New York; Saks, Saks & Fuller, St. Louis; Young's Gown Shop, Portland, Ore.). Madcaps tartan, Page 78 At top, flower-patterned cotton golf jacket, hat and shirt and rayon-twist shorts are from Leontogs' Arnold Palmer collection (\$24 complete, B. Altman, New York; Neusteter's, General. At bottom, golf skirt (left) in ice-blue by Sloat (\$20, Bonwit Teller, New York; i Magnin, Los Angeles) is worn with Hiti-Day shirt (\$27). Linen golf skirt (right) has inverted pleats front and back, is by B. H. Wragge (\$20, Bonwit Teller, New York; J. L. Hudson, Detroit). Page 79 Green-and-white dress of acetate-cotton seersucker by M&G (\$22, Bullock's, Wishart, The Cooked Hat, Peoli, Pa.). Madcaps hood,



Plotting revenge for Hoot Mon

The quiet man of trotting will be striking a mighty blow for the honor of the Bluegrass if his colt wins The Hambletonian



TRAINER BALDWIN AND SPEEDY SCOT

Once there was a black beauty of a trotter named Hoot Mon, and he was owned by a pretty young heiress. She was very happy when in 1947 Hoot Mon won The Hambletonian, first among American trotting races. But she was very, very unhappy—although she still possessed a charming horse and an enchanting horse farm in the Kentucky Bluegrass—when Hoot Mon left Kentucky to sire other Hambletonian winners at The Hanover Shoe Farms in Pennsylvania. It was said that Hoot Mon was spirited away by leprechauns, or something, but however it happened Hoot Mon got away.

Well, now the lady, who is Mrs. Frederick Van Lennep, daughter of the automaking millionaire John Dodge, and mistress of Castleton Farm, has a Hambletonian candidate who assuredly will not get away. He is Speedy Scot, a spunking big guy from the first crop of foals by the young Castleton stallion Speedster. As he trained smoothly last week on the venerable trotting track at Lexington, Ky., where the opening of a 25-night spring race meeting had attracted much fancy young horseflesh, he looked like a mighty good bet to gladden Kentuckians and dismay Pennsylvanians come Hambletonian day in late August.

To Kentucky loyalists that would be none too soon. Not since The Intruder did it in 1956 has a Kentucky-sired horse won The Hambletonian. In five of the six subsequent years the winner was the offspring of a Hanover Shoe stallion (two by Hoot Mon), and in Kentucky there is nothing a good trotting man loves to beat more than Hanover Shoe.

One can imagine, then, with what painstaking care the Castleton trainer, Ralph Baldwin, is preparing Speedy Scot for a race on which so much depends. Baldwin, 47, smallish and ruddy of complexion, is the quiet man of trotting. Off course, he is unobtrusive to the point of invisibility. At the tracks he lets his patient handwork speak for itself—testimony that places him in the same league with such superior colt trainers as Johnny Simpson, Joe O'Brien and Frank Ervin.

As the son of a trainer, Baldwin took naturally to trotting in his native Saskatchewan, moving southward by way of North Dakota and Indiana to Kentucky and Castleton. During World War II he was an Army medic and among those who survived the lethal rattle from German ordnance in the Battle of the Bulge. Afterward he served Indiana's Two Gasts Farms as trainer for a decade before

signing on with Mrs. Van Lennep at Castleton four years ago.

It was Baldwin, in the Two Gasts days, who handed the strong Hambletonian favorite Diller Hanover to Ervin because he felt obligated personally to drive a tricky colt of sensitive mouth named Tie Silk. Diller Hanover won. Tie Silk was second. Baldwin has yet to win the prize horsemen seek above all others.

Baldwin had previously taken another second place in The Hambletonian with the filly Hoot Song, but had not come close with the trotter he considered his best before Speedy Scot—another filly, Nimble Colby. "If I had been as brave as she was," Baldwin says modestly, "she would have won. She beat the colts in all the other races, but she was never sound and I was afraid to train her."

No such worries plague him regarding Speedy Scot, a sound and stalwart horse. "He was the best 2-year-old I ever had by a long ways," says Baldwin. And one of the best anyone ever trained, trotting a faster racing mile (2:01 1/5) and earning more (\$90,796) than any of his crop, while winning 14 of 19 races.

"At 2 Speedy Scot looked like a 3-year-old. When he was sharp he could leave from anywhere and beat the best of them. I am sure he could have trotted in two minutes, but I wasn't trying to break any records. I know Speedy Scot is a great horse. However, I have gotten over being confident in this business. He will have other great horses to beat."

One could make a case for a dozen others as possible winners at Du Quoin on the big day, not excluding Speedy Scot's stablemates, Kentucky Belle, a full sister to the unhappily short-lived champion, Merne Annabelle, and Captain's Boy. Harry Pownall's Florio, owned by E. R. Harriman, and George Sholty's Fred Walker were among Speedy Scot's stoutest rivals last year. Ervin has an outstandingly fast filly in Cheer Honey (fastest of all these at 2, with a timed, nonrace mile of 1:59 2/5). O'Brien has another in his "little and mean" Star Act. The Intruder not only was the last Kentucky-sired colt but also the last green 3-year-old to win The Hambletonian, but this year there are three eligibles of decided potential: Simpson's Donner Hanover, Del Miller's Harlan Del and Sanders (Preacher) Russell's A. C.'s Warrior, the last two full brothers to Hambletonian winners.

At this early writing, however, it looks like a lovely summer for Mrs. Van Lennep, Baldwin and Speedy Scot. **END**



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Two Birds Bet a Million on a Club in the Bush

*Actor Bill Holden and Oilman Ray Ryan are gambling that Kenya's
emergence as an independent African nation will leave them in control
of the most magnificent safari headquarters in the world
—and free to build a hockey rink that will straddle the equator*

BY ROBERT COUGHLAN



In the annals of 19th century African exploration, when the white man first began probing from the seacoasts to the interior of what for so long had been the Dark Continent, a special place is reserved for Desborough Cooley. He was a distinguished and articulate member of the Royal Geographical Society, and when reports reached London from central East Africa that German missionaries had sighted mountains with snow and ice at their summits it was Cooley who led the denunciation of such foolish tales. For, as he pointed out, the locations described lay on or near the equator! Clearly, the alleged snowfields must therefore be only expanses of light-colored rock shining in the sun. So adamant was Desborough Cooley that arctic conditions were out of place at the equator that the other honorable members of the society generally were relieved of doubts, and it was not until later in the course of other explorations—some financed by the society itself—that he was shown to be dead wrong. Not only were there snowfields, there were glaciers. Since temperature decreases with altitude, all that is needed for an equatorial mountain to acquire snow and glaciers is that it be tall enough, as several East African mountains in fact are.

The story of Cooley's Error, or the Case of the Inappropriate Glaciers, is especially apt in connection with the Mount Kenya Safari Club. For one thing, Mount Kenya was one of the mountains: it lies directly on the equator but is 17,040 feet high and hence supports several large glaciers. For another, the club has the same dumbfounding quality as the glaciers. In several ways it seems so misplaced, implausible and contrary to the dictates of common sense that one might easily fall into Cooley's Error and swear that the whole thing is an illusion. It lies on the low western slope of the great mountain, about 125 miles north of Kenya's capital and main city of Nairobi and a few miles west of the provincial trading center of Nanyuki. It is not inaccessible—Nairobi is only 20-odd jet hours away from Los Angeles, for example, only eight hours from Rome, and the trip up to Nanyuki is an easy half-day drive or an hour by light plane. The peculiarities begin with the other two words in its name—"safari" and "club."

In Swahili, the common language of East and Central Africa, safari simply means a trip or journey, and in a literal sense one can "go on safari" to the corner grocery. But to generations of sportsmen it has meant African adventure: Africa with its array of beautiful and often dangerous wild game, its primitive tribal peoples, strange landscapes, mysteries and hazards, heat and dust and biting insects and sweaty discomforts which, although unwelcome, were in a way exciting, for they were part of the peculiar and deep satisfaction of putting oneself against elemental

nature. Obviously, there were limits to this kind of satisfaction. They were overreached in what might properly be considered the very first safari, exactly 100 years ago, when the English big-game hunter and explorer Sir Samuel Baker took his beautiful blonde bride into the wilds of Uganda. They endured fever, starvation, attacks by savages armed with poisoned arrows and countless other perils, including, for Lady Baker, lustful attempts on her honor by a native king and near-fatal sunstroke while wading through a swamp with her husband, who looked back (he related in his memoirs) and "was horrified to see her standing in one spot, and sinking gradually through the weeds, while her face was distorted and perfectly purple." Things have changed for the better since. In modern times, with safari companies to supply motor transport, guides and such niceties as refrigeration and cookboys to whip up five-course dinners, suffering is minimal. The safaring sportsman nowadays expects amenities. But nothing he has read or heard of will have prepared him to expect the Safari Club.

One drives over from Nanyuki through a pleasant, rolling green landscape, perhaps seeing a few giraffe or buck or other plains game along the way, and enters grounds that have a carefully tended look. Then, suddenly, there it is, a lovely apparition in white: a splendid big central manor house, looking somewhat like one of the stately homes of England transplanted from Kent or Sussex, with a long additional wing of rooms at one end and, starting near the other, a line of 12 large white "cottages." They all face out over a lawn of perhaps 30 acres, which slopes away to a swift little river; beyond this rises the great flank of Mount Kenya, heavily forested with acacia and bamboo, and then, soaring from this green bulk like a single jagged tooth, the mountain's peak, with its glaciers and snowfields glittering in the sun.

In front of the manor house is a big, kidney-shaped swimming pool. It is built into the side of the sloping lawn and hence is partly above ground—and here are a beauty salon, a Turkish bath and a cozy bar. In another area is a series of water-filled terraces: trout-breeding ponds so designed that the fingerlings in the uppermost pond proceed by orderly stages to become the plump two-pounders that lie waiting in the river. There are natural ponds on the grounds also, their banks landscaped with ornamental shrubs, and in one is an island with eucalyptus trees in which lives a colony of monkeys. There are formal gardens, too, where peacocks strut and spread their fans. Entering the main building, one encounters spacious public rooms including a central bar, and here, at any rate, one finds things reminiscent of Africa: painted war shields, silky black-and-white colobus monkey skins, pillars sheathed in matched

continued

zebra. Against the white walls all this vivid decoration is a bit dazzling. But the effect is sumptuous, too, and the same air of damn-the-expense is maintained in the row of cottages, each a family-size dwelling with bedrooms, a big living room (the front wall of sliding glass panels, for the view of the mountain) and a bathroom with a tiled sunken bathtub big enough to float a hippo.

In all this tybantic profusion only one element is missing: people. To be sure, one catches sight of a human form now and again: a pretty blonde girl sunning by the pool, a woman and her small son inspecting the rose garden, two young men in white who appear on the lawn and practice cricket. At cocktail time ("sundowner" time here), when there is a general movement toward the bar, one discovers that there are perhaps a dozen or more people in residence, mostly Americans or British.

At this hour, too, the bar attracts Kenyans from Nanyuki and the nearby farms, and a rather festive air develops. If, by chance, a hunting party has rolled in that day from the game lands there will be a good deal of drinking and jollity and comparing of notes on game conditions and swapping of stories. But the club has housing for at least 60 people, and the staff to serve them—Europeans

(a term that in Africa includes all whites) in the office, behind the bar and in the kitchen and numerous barefoot African "boys" gliding about in white burnouses and red fezzes. If the crowd is small, the sensation becomes somewhat eerie. One wonders, where is everybody? Where are the members?

In particular, where are the several dozen charter members, whose glamorous names are listed on the club's letterhead? One looks around hopefully for Sir Winston Churchill. And for Jack Dempsey, Liz Whitney, House Speaker John McCormack, Joan Crawford, Henry J. Kaiser Sr., Bobo Rockefeller and the Rev. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale. They sound like a fun group.

Actually, there are a number of possibilities as to where they could be. At any given time during the safari seasons (mid-December through March, and mid-June through October, coinciding with the dry weather) a member might be off on any kind of safari—shooting, fishing, photographic, bird- and game-watching—in a radius of anywhere from a few to several hundred miles. If, for instance, his mood of the moment is for deep-sea fishing, he would be 300 air miles east on the Indian Ocean at Kalifi. This partially owned affiliate, known as the Mnarani Club, measures

up to the Safari Club's standards of comfort, with its fleet of powerful eight-passenger Striker boats, luxurious living quarters ashore and, of course, a swimming pool. If instead he feels like a go at those legendary African freshwater giants, the Nile perch, he would be in the Northern Frontier District at Lake Rudolf, where the club has an interest in an existing fishing camp and is building an elaborate one of its own. Either place is a few hours away in one of the club's two airplanes. If he has come to Kenya for a full-scale shooting expedition with a full bag of trophies to show for it, the kind of venture that requires a month or two of traveling in the game areas in pursuit of the wily bongo, the suitable lion and the right pair of tusks, he could be at any quarter of the compass—dropping in at the club at intervals, using it as his forward base, a place to soak his tired muscles in a hot bath and replenish his strength with the delicacies produced by the master hand of the club's Viennese chef. Or if his time is limited he might be on the sort of trip for which the club's press representative has coined the evocative term "instant safari."

One handy locale for instant safari is the mountain: the slopes that rise across the river are a game reserve. The animals



Twenty jet hours from Los Angeles, the club stands in splendid isolation facing a 30-acre lawn that slopes away toward the forested flank of Mount Kenia, a barely noticeable far "instant safari."

are protected, of course, but are fine subjects for those who enjoy game watching or photography. The lower regions are negotiable by the club's photographic-safari car, which is equipped with its own small darkroom, and by following foot trails one can get almost all the way to the summit—though this is nothing to undertake without a guide, an elephant gun and stamina.

The other lands in the neighborhood consist of vast ranches—20,000 acres is a modest size—owned by sporting gentlemen farmers who came out from England years ago to develop the country or by former white hunters who invested their earnings in land. These places are stock farms primarily and support vast herds of cattle and sheep, but also are private game reserves in which roam herds of zebra, giraffe, buck and even lion, buffalo and other big game. The settlers are hospitable, and an acquaintanceship formed at the club bar may bring an invitation to come over for a day or two of shooting. This is another form of instant safari.

And so, with all these attractive possibilities, one understands why the club is not thronged. Yet when it is also learned that not since its founding in 1959 have more than a quarter of its rooms been occupied, the disproportion between facilities and clientele seems odd and perhaps alarming. One can imagine a worried House Committee circulating the members to warn that without better attendance, services unavoidably will have to be curtailed, the pool closed except on weekends and the price of drinks raised a shilling. But, to the contrary, new facilities and services are being added. Is this because of an incipient boom in Kenya and in anticipation of throngs of guests in the seasons ahead? An acquaintance with local history makes such a notion farfetched.

The hard facts are that the club lies in the heart of Kenya's "White Highlands," scene of the bloody Mau Mau rebellion of 1952-56. The goal of the Mau Mau terrorists—nearly all members of the Kikuyu, the main tribe of the area—was to dispossess the white settlers and turn their lands over to Africans. Two

weeks from now Kenya will receive internal self-government. Within the next 12 months it is likely to become a fully independent nation—and leaders of the political party expected to win and hence to dominate the government include a number of former Mau Mau leaders or sympathizers. The new African government may honor its pledges to protect European lives and property. It may stamp out the terroristic Land Freedom Army that, with tactics copied from Mao Mau, has murdered several white settlers. It may be able to control intertribal feuds and stabilize race relations among the 8,400,000 Africans, 200,000 Asians and Arabs and 63,000 Europeans and make Kenya a safe place for foreign businessmen to invest money. But the chances are against all these things.

In the White Highlands many of the great ranches are for sale at a small fraction of their former value. Their owners, having lived through the Mau Mau experience, lack the emotional strength to face another such time. Listening to their conversations in the club lounge and around Nanyuki, one feels a thrill not entirely vicarious in their reminiscences of the "Emergency," when Sir Lady So-and-So were slaughtered at the dinner table by their house servants and everybody always went armed and the ladies wore shoulder holsters over their flowered chiffon evening gowns, and "this nasty-looking chap came at me from the shrubbery swinging his panga and I was lucky enough to take him with a shot directly between the eyes."

Meanwhile, however, life "on safari" as led at the Safari Club continues to be lovely. The peacocks mince among the roses, the sundowners are poured regularly at sundown and a peacefulness little short of sublime settles over the scene as the clouds turn rosy and the glaciers glimmer like new gold. What manner of club is this, anyway, and what manner of men are in charge here? When all about them are losing composure, why aren't they losing theirs? Are they, perhaps, living fossils from an earlier time when all extravagant follies were routinely credited either to Russian grand dukes or "crazy American millionaires?"

Well, they are American millionaires.

continued

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all right; whether or not they are crazy remains to be proved. Their names are Holden and Ryan—William Holden, that is, the movie star, and Ray Ryan, owner of the Ryan Oil Company and a substantial part of southern California. Neither is ignorant of recent events in Kenya or of the explosive possibilities in its future. Have they then adopted the philosophy of *Maremma ne ithe ndoe inda ire bato*—Kikuyu for “easy come, easy go”? If not, then what?

One would have to start by mentioning that both Ryan and Holden have large incomes and a diversity of investments, and good lawyers and accountants, and the main part of any losses suffered on their African holdings would be tax-deductible. But what is far more important is that they are, to put it plainly, crazy about East Africa, especially central Kenya. Some millionaires like to own ball teams; Holden and Ryan like to own the Safari Club. They are the club's president and vice-president respectively and also its promoters: they own 90% of it. As for the club's being a club, that too, at least at this stage, is a moot point. Legally it is. It was chartered under the laws of Kenya and is fully equipped with bylaws, fees and dues. The initiation fee of \$500 and yearly dues of \$60 entitle a member to his own permanent locker and to a 10% discount on lodging, food and club services. (Rates, European plan, range from \$15 single to \$60 double in the main building; cottages are \$90 a day, one to four people, excluding airplanes, etc.). But if other obligations make it uncertain that one will visit East Africa often enough to need a locker there, an alternative is to write the club's U.S. offices at P.O. Box 2556, Palm Springs, Calif., enclosing references, and the chances are that one will receive a guest membership, which costs nothing. This is good for one visit only, but with reasonably good behavior, such as not showing the white feather when being stalked by leopards that sometimes invade the grounds from the mountain, it can be renewed. Actually, most of the “members” one might encounter at the club are of this synthetic variety. The number of paid-up members is an official secret, but a good guess would place it

at not more than several dozen. With few exceptions the “charter members” are the recipients of honorary gratis memberships, and with similarly few exceptions they have yet to visit the club. Like the zebra skins, spears and war shields in the lounge, their names on the roster are merely decorative.

In short, there is some hocus-pocus going on here, a familiar Hollywoodlike tendency to improve on reality. Its discovery may raise a suspicion that the whole enterprise has been created by a “special effects department” from chicken wire and papier-mâché and could disappear in the first really strong rain. But that way lies Cooley's Error. The splendors are as real as the glaciers—as real, even, as the million real U.S. dollars that Holden and Ryan have spent creating them. Furthermore, the best is yet to be. Engineering studies have been completed for a dam on the river. The resulting lake, stretching back for miles, will have facilities for every kind of water sport from water skiing to scuba diving, and the dam will generate enough power for all club needs, including the freezing apparatus for a large artificial ice rink—the only rink in the world, Holden and Ryan are confident, where the goalies in hockey games will defend on opposite sides of the equator. The cost of these projects may reach \$250,000. There is thought also of a lift or a funicular up the mountainside to the snowfields, on the principle that if a sportsman could change from scuba diving among tropical fish to snow skiing, gliding above herds of wild elephant on the way up, there would be nothing left to live for.

Meantime, both Holden and Ryan have been making still other investments which, though related one way or another to the club, are for their private accounts. Holden, in association with 20th Century-Fox, has built a movie sound stage (\$100,000) in a secluded quarter of the club's 90-acre grounds and made the recent film, *The Lion*, there. Ryan has gone even further: a few months ago he bought two adjoining White Highlands ranches totaling 52,900 acres, which he is currently stocking with 10,000 head of cattle. The ranches abound with game and will be a private shoot-

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ing preserve for club guests. Ryan has also bought Zimmerman's, the famous Nairobi taxidermists, and recently started the Ryan Investment Company to back other promising Kenya projects.

Holden and Ryan clearly are on their way to becoming the two biggest *business* in Kenya—assuming, of course, that Jomo Kenyatta, the old Mau Mau leader and probable future Prime Minister of independent Kenya, and Tom Mboya, who headed the independence movement while Kenyatta was in exile, are willing. To improve the chance that they will be—a long chance, in the eyes of white settlers—they have made Mboya a member and expect to offer membership to Kenyatta after the election. A month ago both came up from Nairobi for the weekend. They liked the club, which may or may not be a good sign.

The Kenya adventure all began, probably, when Ryan, as a boy in Watertown, Wis., read his first Tarzan book: in any case, he says, he "always had a yen to see Africa." Finally in the mid-1950s, finding himself in his own mid-40s and with so much money that he was tired of counting it, he began to think seriously about a safari and about companions to go along on it. He brought up the idea to

his close friend Holden, who was receptive. Holden had never been to Africa either but was an expert amateur drummer and had been collecting recorded African drum music for a long time. Another friend, Carl Hirschmann, a Swiss banker and occasional business associate of Ryan's, turned out to be interested, too. They met in Nairobi in January 1959, and shortly they—along with two white hunters and a retinue of scouts, skinners, gun bearers, drivers, cooks, messboys and campboys—were roaming the big-game country of central Kenya.

Neither Holden nor Ryan had previously hunted anything much more dangerous than jackrabbit, but with the tactful coaching of the white hunters they soon were getting trophies, including buffalo. With the excitement of the hunt and the rugged pleasures of camp life in the African bush they were having a wonderful time—until one day the telescopic sight on Ryan's gun worked loose, recoiled and tore a deep gash in his forehead. They were 50 miles or so from Nanyuka at the time; there was sure to be a doctor there. Also, the white hunters knew of a place close by for rest and rehabilitation, an attractive inn on the slopes of Mount Kenya. And so it happened. Literally by accident, that the travelers arrived at the Mawingo

(continued)



Hosts Holden and Ryan (extreme left and right) entertain the cast of "The Lion" in one of the club's cottages. Next to Ryan is French Actress Cecilia. Holden also starred in the picture, part of which was shot on the grounds.



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	Lumand's
Newark, N. J.	Bamberger's (all stores)
New Haven, Conn.	The Edw. Malley Co.
	Arnold's Boot Shop
New Orleans, La.	Schumacher's
New York, N. Y.	Bloomingdale's & branches
	Coward Shoes
	Macy's (all stores)
	Stadler Shoes
	Stein's & branches
Philadelphia, Pa.	Diamond & Co.
	Gimbels & branches
	Gutings
	Grimbels
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Nordstrom's
Portland, Ore.	Gutier Co.
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Sacramento, Cal.	Macy's
San Francisco, Cal.	Payson's
	Werner's Men's Store
	Nordstrom's
Seattle, Wash.	Gilbert's
South Bend, Ind.	Forbes & Wallace
Springfield, Mass.	Jay Roberts Shoes
Stamford, Conn.	Famous Barr (all stores)
St. Louis, Mo.	S.K.K. Men's Store
Tucson, Ariz.	Boyer & Lewis
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Safari Club *continued*

Hotel. The word means "cloudland."

It was an extraordinary place. The White Highland ranch homes, attractive as many of them are, are not much by Hollywood and St. Moritz standards; but this unmistakably was a mansion. It had, in fact, been built in the 1930s by an immensely wealthy Englishwoman as her private residence, and in a way it was a monument to an era. For those were the days when the Rift Valley to the west was known as Happy Valley, because of the wife-swapping and other casual sexual mores of the younger set (many the disgraced sons of noble families who had been sent to Kenya with a subsidy to stay away) and the line was coined: "Are you married, or do you live in Kenya?" Mawingo, so the story went, had been built as an idyllic setting for a romance, and it looked it. It was grandly, yet somehow cozily, proportioned; it stood on a vast lawn that sloped away to ponds and a river, beyond which rose an exotic forest, and farther, 20 miles off but so immense it seemed near, the mountain peak aswir in rose and lavender clouds. Nevertheless, the lady finally returned to England, leaving Mawingo to her friend as a souvenir. When he died a few years later it came on the market and was bought by Jack Block, owner of Nairobi's New Stanley Hotel, traditional headquarters for safari-bound visitors and for white hunters following the spoor of potential clients in the downstairs bar. Block added a wing of bedrooms, did some remodeling and opened it as a hotel, catering to sportsmen passing that way. As Ryan recalled later, "As soon as I saw the place I knew I had to do something about it." Holden remembers that they were sitting in the lounge having drinks and "I speculated out loud about how wonderful it was for me to be here in Africa, away from all that Hollywood atmosphere. Ryan and Hirschmann agreed that probably a lot of people in various parts of the world would like to get away from it all to a place like Nanyuki. The idea flashed on me." Robert Ruark was there also and wrote later in his column:

"Now what really happened is this. . . I had come in with a Spaniard named Ricardo Siere from elephant

hunting up north and we ran into this Holden, who needed a shave, and this Ryan, who needed a shave and a haircut, and this Hirschmann . . . in the lobby of the Mawingo Hotel.

"'Thees a nice place,' Ricardo said, 'Very pretty. But no action. No girls. No music. Nothing but scenery. Me, I like mountains but you look at a mountain only so long.'

"'I like Hong Kong myself,' actor Holden said. 'There you got action and mountains.'

"'I am a Palm Springs kid myself,' Mr. Ryan said. . . 'There you got action and scenery. But I am kind of all shook up by this Africa.'

"'I happen to know who owns this joint,' I said. 'And what it'll sell for. Why don't you buy the joint and provide the action?'

"Mr. Holden looked at Mr. Ryan, who . . . looked at Mr. Holden and then they both looked at Mr. Hirschmann. 'Let's buy it,' they said like a Greek chorus."

In any case, almost before one could say, "*Lete sawahku kipa, na tika nakani ya lenaa, Nataka kuharwa pamoja na chakula ya awabuli*" (Swahili for "Bring the trunk here and put it in the tent. I want coffee with my breakfast"), the Mawingo had changed hands and become the Mount Kenya Safari Club, with Holden and Ryan each the owner of a 45% interest. Hirschmann took the other 10% and was made treasurer. He is still treasurer and still has his original 10%, but otherwise has not been much involved. The club is distinctly a Holden-Ryan enterprise.

Of action there has been aplenty since then. Neither Holden nor Ryan could stay long at a time to supervise it, but they jetted in and out from other parts of the world and staggered their visits so that one or the other was there at least half the time. They have regarded themselves as interchangeable, and each has shown a fine enthusiasm for the other's ideas.

Two more worldly characters would be hard to find, but when they talk about Africa they become transcendental. Holden is a taut, perpetually man who sometimes seems about to drive himself to

continued

zoom...

...room



Either way you look at it, the MG Sports Sedan is a startling new entry on the American scene. Not just a new car—but a new concept, this dignified little giant offers up an amazing amount of exciting automotive features. For example...

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a ride that flattens hits, anticipates bumps and humbles rocky roads. There are other aspects of the MG Sports

Sedan's personality that bear your looking into but that defy the limited space this page has to offer. Suffice it to say that here is the first truly new automobile in many a year. A family automobile that economically combines sports car flair with limousine comfort. A car that can be expertly serviced through over 1,000 dealers in the U.S. and Canada. A car that is an elegant little rascal, bigger on the inside than it appears on the outside. A car that is at your MG Dealer now—and costs nothing to try.



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Safari Club *continued*

distraction, but one bright blue morning he sat on his bedroom balcony—still sleepy-eyed, hair disheveled, in pajamas and one of his Hong Kong silk bathrobes—and looked at the wind-driven clouds streaming away from the mountaintop and said, "This is the most beautiful place in the world. I can get up early and sit here for a couple of hours just watching that peak. I don't see how anybody could ever forget this sight. You want to keep coming back to it. It's not the highest mountain in the world but there's no other like it. It's my mountain." He leaned forward and put his chin on the balcony rail and presently said: "There's everything here. The air is right. The temperature is right. It's the best scenery, the best hunting, fishing, people—everything is right. This is the last unspoiled place." And later, traveling north one afternoon to Isolo in the club's Volkswagen bus, he turned the wheel over to Paulo, the Kikuyu driver, and stood up through the sliding sun roof to watch the landscape. The enormous sky was streaked with pink, orange and purple clouds, and he waved his arm at the whole circumference and holl shouted into the wind: "There are skies everywhere you are in the world, but they're more beautiful here. The colors run deeper here. Look at the trees, they have flat tops, they're strange. The land is mysterious. I can understand now why so many writers came out here and caught the bug. You have to see it in your own way."

And Ryan, a sleek and congenial man whose normal manner reveals nothing at all about his private thoughts, was perceptively under the spell as he stood with a visitor on a large rock in the river and talked of the plans for the marvels to be "The dam will go right here," he said softly. "Back of it will be miles and miles of fresh, clear, pure mountain water. We'll stock it with Nile perch, tiger fish, tilapia—all those beautiful freshwater African fish. The little fish need cover to hide from the big ones, so we'll leave trees standing where they won't interfere with the water sports. They'll drown out, but after a while the dead branches will be full of tropical fish, and the scuba divers can sit on a

limb and watch the fish and when a big hungry perch or something comes charging in they can let go with their spear guns." Passing a handsome grove on the way back to the manor, he explained: "That will all be an aviary. We'll take flexible lightweight wire mesh and drape it over the whole woods, and then stock it with all kinds of bright-colored fancy African birds. After they get used to the place we can take the wire away—they'll stay, just like a canary comes back to its cage. I've always liked birds. Imagine, hundreds and thousands of birds flying around and nesting in there." And later, sitting on the veranda, "This is the one place in the world where I really relax and feel peaceful. When I get here and change into this outfit"—gesturing at his khaki safari clothes and bush boots—"and settle into a chair and start soaking in this air and scenery, I have a feeling I can breathe again. When I die I want to be buried here."

What about Kenya under African rule? Ryan says: "We're watching the situation, but I'm confident about the future. The British have done a good job of preparing these people for ruling themselves. They're leaving a firm and sound foundation. And the Africans like Americans. The average tribesman may never even have heard about the U.S., but the leaders are informed, and there's an untapped reservoir of goodwill."

Both Holden and Ryan enjoy taking a chance. Some people are bothered by uncertainty; they, on the other hand, are bothered by certainty and both have extremely good nerves. Holden is the kind of man who, when Josh Logan was directing him as the courtship male lead in *Peter Pan* and ventured to suggest he might not be in shape to play some of the rough-and-tumble scenes, replied by standing to the window of Logan's 10th-floor hotel room, gazing outside and, with a dry Martin in one hand, hanging from the window ledge his the other (Rosalind Russell, who was present, firmly told him to behave. Logan alternately yelled for help and pleaded with him to come back.) Ryan's style is different. If he had been present, someone has suggested, he

continues



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would have hurried to the sidewalk and laid bets among the crowd as to how long Holden could hang on. Ryan is a betting man—a legendary one. Among the legends:

In gin rummy, his favorite card game, he likes to play for \$10 a point (which, for the benefit of non-gin players, means a good chance of winning or losing at the rate of \$150 a minute). His favorite partner is H. L. Hunt, the Texas oil millionaire. Once they crossed the Atlantic on the same boat, playing all the way, at the end of the trip Ryan was \$243,000 richer. On a certain Saturday a few years ago, Ryan had 12 bets of \$50,000 each on college football games: i.e., \$600,000. Once he bet \$200,000 on a single game. He also likes dice, and after an encounter at a certain nightclub frequented by craps fanciers walked away with \$100,000 winnings, all cash. In Evansville, Ind., where Ryan made his first million in the Tri-State oil fields, a hotel bellhop remembers a familiar scene among Ryan and the other oil men: "They'd sit in the coffee shop and bet \$50 the next woman who walked in would be a blonde. Then one would put a cube of sugar on the table with \$500 and bet a fly would light on his sugar first. Everybody would put a cube and money on the table, and the fly would light and the winner would pick up the pot, sometimes a couple of thousand dollars. Most of the time Ray Ryan won he was always the luckiest."

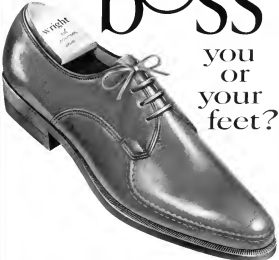
One of those who know Ryan best is Tevis E. Morrow, who met him in those days. Morrow recalls, "We used to spit at a crack in the sidewalk for \$10,000. I suppose over the years it evened out. But Ryan seemed to hit the middle every time. Ray's got an awful lot behind him, but none of it's equal to his luck. Don't ever bet against Ray Ryan," he adds. "He's got the magic touch."

An immense amount of thought has been given to the problems of Kenya's future by some of the finest minds in England and East Africa. There have been conferences, committee reports, speeches, editorials and articles without number; the output and erudition are as impressive as the problems

continued

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Safari Club continued

are depressing. Yet one looks in vain in this vast material for mention of what may—what just perhaps may—be the crucial determining factor: Ray Ryan's luck, the magic touch. Where else but Africa should the magic touch work better?

It is a wonderful thing to think about: a friendly, tranquil Kenya, where the only warlike sound comes from the native drumming and dancing troupe (trained by Holden) as they prance on the broad green lawn of the club veranda at sundown. And where, sipping their sundowners and admiring the show as the orange moon of Africa rises over the mountain, sit all the charter members, who have arrived at last on their special Charter Member Flight, the whole jolly gang: Sir Winston and Bobo, Prince Bernhard of The Netherlands, Jack Dempsey, Walt Disney, Lily Pons, Conrad Hilton, Joan Crawford, Lord Delamere, Rear Admiral John Ford, USNR (ret.), Vice-President Lyndon Johnson, John Wayne, Colonel Ewart S. Grogan, William Randolph Hearst Jr., Henry J. Kaiser Sr., Bob Hope, Bing Crosby, the Duke of Manchester, Governor Pat Brown, Prince Hohenlohe, General Curtis LeMay, Liz Whitney, Floyd Odlum, Senator Everett S. Dirksen, H. L. Hunt, Lord Portsmouth, Norman Vincent Peale and Ivy Baker Priest.

One would like to think of Ryan and H. L. Hunt having another friendly round of gin rummy, and of Ryan winning another \$243,000. And of Senator Dirksen, with all his eloquence, rising to declaim Robert W. Service's lines:

*Let us probe the silent places,
Let us seek what luck beside us;
Let us journey to a lonely land I know,
There's a whisper on the night-wind,
There's a star agleam to guide us,
And the wild is calling, calling . . . let
us go.*

And of Holden dancing by the pool with Kim Novak, the way he did in *Paris*, to the throbbing music of the drums. And of what a fine party it would be.

It is nothing to bet on. But, on the other hand, considering the kind of luck Ray Ryan has, one would certainly not like to bet against it. **END**



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Stables Above the Clouds

by JACK MAHON

Seventeen years ago Johnny McCabe watched two unhappy racehorses being hoisted aboard a plane scheduled for Chicago, and it gave him an idea. The horses were Rippy and Cosmo Bomb, owned by William Helis. "They were scared to death, and no wonder," McCabe recalls. "The work crew was using a forklift, with a movable platform that kept rattling back and forth. A forklift is like the hoist used in service stations to lift cars up for repair work. It made the colts panicky, and the crew wasn't having much fun either. It took well over an hour to get the horses aboard. I wondered what kind of shape they'd be in at the end of the flight, and if they'd have to go through the whole jittery business again at the terminal. I thought there must be an easier way to do this."

That was the idea as it came to him in 1946 and, with a \$500 investment to start with, McCabe turned it into a reality. Today, at 43, he heads a horse transport business that grosses more than \$1 million a year. He likes to be called the Flying Horseman, in proper terms McCabe is the world's leading freight shipper of racehorses.

McCabe, a graduate of Manhattan High School of Aviation Training, had been in the Naval Air Transport Service in World War II, and had been employed as a mechanic and flight engineer by American Airlines. Out of all this experience came the technique for getting horses aboard a plane without giving them nervous breakdowns. He designed and patented a portable aluminum ramp that could be folded up like a jackknife and carried in a plane. Tests proved it safe; the airlines welcomed it, for it made the loading of horses almost as easy as walking them around a paddock.

As a youngster, John had galloped horses for the veteran trainers Max and Buddy Hirsch. "I've known and loved horses ever since I was a kid," McCabe

says. "Maybe that's why things turned out so well. In the last 15 years we have flown horses from 25 countries. We have handled about \$10 billion in horse-flesh in that time. Business continues to grow and, with harness racing tracks springing up all over the country, there is no telling just when the ceiling will be reached."

"In 1961 I started leasing CL-44s—turbo-prop planes—from The Flying Tiger Line and Seaboard World Airlines. These ships have a cruising speed of 550 mph and each can accommodate 22 horses and personnel. On these jobs a horse can move right from the sun into the plane, which opens from the back. There is no more hoisting, yanking, shoving or confusion. Horse flying is a big business today, and nothing is too good for our four-legged passengers."

Today virtually all major airlines have cargo planes for lease to the McCabe Agency. All flying stables are pressurized, so pilots can fly over any bad weather. The ships are heavily padded and each horse has his own stall with sawdust on the floor, plus ample supplies of hay and drinking water.

In 1952 John D. Schapiro, president of the Laurel, Md. racetrack, asked McCabe if he thought it practical to stage an international race with the champions of all the countries in the world participating.

"I told him that not only was it practical but that I would guarantee to have any horse he wanted on hand fit as a fiddle," says McCabe. "Every year since, the best in the world have come from all over the world to Laurel."

One of McCabe's longest flights carried a racer from Paris to Rio de Janeiro via New York—a jaunt of about 8,400 miles. "Years ago you'd be tabbed insane if you suggested that one day a pager would leave Sydney, Australia for a junket via Singapore, Hong Kong, Istanbul, Athens, London and finally

(continued)



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Flying Horseman continued

New York," says McCabe. "That's the route one of ours covered just a couple of years ago. Won his race here, too."

"Time saved is only one consideration in moving horses by air," he says. "Many horses are so high-strung they can't stand confinement of any kind. A long sea voyage or train trip could ruin them. Did you know a bad case of seasickness could kill a horse? You see, a horse cannot throw up. If one does suffer the equivalent of seasickness on a flight he gives evidence of his distress by breaking out in a nervous sweat. In these instances the attendants—or groomers—are authorized to administer a tranquilizer."

"Some horses, of course, behave better than others," says McCabe. "Kelso and Crozier are wonderful shippers, but the best of them all was Round Table, the world's leading money winner. This one was a champion in the air—as he was on the ground. Though Dr. John Peters of Los Angeles, the colt's personal veterinarian, made every flight with him—from Florida to California, from California to Kentucky, to New York and back to California—Round Table never gave him a bit of trouble. A fellow would have more trouble bringing his kid across country by plane—and the kid couldn't run as fast as Round Table."

"I wish they were all like that," he says. "The first horse I ever shipped had to be the worst I have ever handled. I'll never forget him. He was called Johns Joy. I could think of a lot of other things to call him. He was a real screwball, and you couldn't do a thing with him. This horse just did not want to ship—by van, truck, boat or any other way. He wanted to run when he got out on that track (he was a crackjack sprinter) but off the course he demanded privacy—or else."

"God knows how many vans and stalls he wrecked when his precious privacy was disturbed. And this is the one I inherited for my 'maiden' or inaugural shipment in 1949. We have one groom, usually, for every three horses, and I told my man to have his hypodermic, with a supply of Sparine [a tranquilizer], ready at all times."

"If we didn't keep this one under control, there'd be a tragedy and my 'flying horse' business would be over before it was even under way. The groom told me later he had a riotous trip. The entire crew was hopping out of his way all the way to Chicago—so they wouldn't get jabbied with that needle!"

But most horses are docile in flight, according to McCabe. There are no windows on the plane, so they have privacy and a minimum of outer disturbance. All horses wear leather helmets, something like football headgear, with spaces cut off the top for their ears to slip through. All have rubber knee guards and are banded on all legs. They stand in stalls seven feet long by three and a half feet wide, with a single hoop over the top to prevent them from rearing. Breed mares and their foals share specially constructed, extra large, eight-by-eight-foot stalls and are together through every flight.

The John J. McCabe Agency, Inc., located in Elmont, on Long Island, employs a staff of seven, including two secretaries who, McCabe says, run up an average monthly phone bill of \$1,500. Most of the firm's business is transacted by phone, wire or teletype, with agents in all parts of the world.

Always ready

McCabe has 14 men with pickup trucks, ramps, hoists and shipping gear of every kind, in every strategic pickup spot around the country. They are ready to service owners any hom of the day or night.

Rates vary according to the number of horses shipped and the availability of equipment. If a plane must be ferried from Chicago to New York for a job, the customer has to pay the ferry charges. Some simple rates are: Miami to New York \$720. New York to Los Angeles \$1,380. barn to barn. The rate from Shannon, Ireland to New York is \$1,450; fares from Frankfurt, Paris and Rome are slightly higher.

All horses are insured with Lloyd's of London. "The owner pays \$1 premium for every \$1,000 valuation of the horse," says McCabe. "Curry Back, for example, was insured for \$750,000."

McCabe's fees include van service, feed, rental of plane and, in most cases, greens charges. "Horse hotels" exist at major transfer points. The ASPCA opened its first horse hotel at Idlewild Airport in New York about five years ago. Similar accommodations are located in Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. They provide heated barns, well-lighted box stalls which can house more than a dozen horses, and a paddock for exercise.

Like any business, flying horses has

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Ben Hogan and his research staff began several years ago to develop a completely new and different concept in iron design. His purpose was to create an iron which would give the golfer every possible advantage.

This purpose is accomplished in Ben Hogan's **Improved Power Thrust Irons for 1963**. Embodying the unique Hogan principle of **Total Playability**, new IPT Irons give the golfer the greatest distance and control his swing permits. This is true because new IPT Irons have engineered into them a **positive tendency to swing correctly despite human error**. New Hogan "Flash Reaction" Shafts with **True Flex Gradation** assure that every IPT Iron in a set flexes in exactly the same way. From grip to club head, every part in new IPT Irons is precisely balanced for proper swing weight.

Look closely at the IPT Irons shown at left. You see a profile aerodynamically advanced beyond any irons available. There is less air resistance when you swing an IPT Iron. A smaller sole area reduces power-robbing turf contact. Unneeded weight has been removed from toe and edges of the new IPT Iron, and concentrated behind the impact surface.

This means that the new IPT Iron has a larger area within which you can hit the ball and have an accurate shot with full distance. Such weight concentration also controls toe flutter which causes the club face to open and close during the down swing.

This is the story of exclusive **Improved Power Thrust**, and why it means so much to **your** golf game. It represents another major step toward the one goal sought in all Ben Hogan equipment: **perfection**.

In addition to Improved Power Thrust Irons for men and ladies, other new Ben Hogan Irons for 1963 are the masterful Ben Hogan Personal Irons with IPT, and widely popular 306-4 Irons for men and Princess Irons for ladies.



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its problems. "In my very first year," recalls McCabe, "a crack French stallion named Dyalal, bought for the stud by an American syndicate headed by A. B. Hancock Jr. for \$250,000, went wild in a plane about an hour out of Orly Field, Paris. The horse started kicking in panic and broke a left foreleg on the side of a huge box. By the time the plane got to London, poor Dyalal was dead. The horse undoubtedly had been panicked by the continued barking of some 40 K-9 police dogs being returned on the same plane by the U.S. Army.

"But on the whole we have been very lucky. I have had just one horse go berserk in 15 years. This was a yearling, one of a shipment of 12, which went wild on a flight and had to be destroyed by the captain so that the rest of them wouldn't be panicked.

"We once had a horse named Lights Up," says McCabe, "and after he had been loaded he kicked open an unfastened hatch and wound up with his hind quarters in the rear baggage compartment. I didn't know how we'd ever get him out of there without scaring the life out of him. We decided to knock him out with an injection, and proceeded to shovel sand into the baggage space so he'd have something familiar to stand on.

"I was dying, but the owner wasn't concerned. He was covered by insurance. I was thinking about the future of my company. I had the ASPCA men crazy, telling them not to hurt the horse. As if they consciously would.

"Believe it or not, Lights Up came out of it perfectly. He straightened up without a whimper. Straightened up and flew right, you might say. But I wasn't right for a couple of days."

The McCabe Agency has a complaint department, of course. "What business hasn't?" says McCabe. "Many owners start complaining the minute there is any delay—for any reason—at the airport. Perhaps we have to have an additional weather or mechanical check. They demand to know what is holding things up. They don't seem to realize we are only taking precautions for the safety of the very valuable cargo they have placed in our care.

"We are glad that the horses can't hear—or understand—them. I haven't had a single complaint so far—from a horse."

END

WHY I DECIDED TO MAKE "ADULT" CLUBS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE BY BEN HOGAN



Most of you know youngsters who are either talented golfers, or who show promise in learning the game. Until now, however, unless they were big enough to use adult equipment, they have had to play with "toy" clubs, or "cut down" adult clubs.

Professional and good amateur golfers across the country have shared my dissatisfaction with such equipment for youngsters' use, because they cannot learn properly with it. Last year my staff and I decided to make clubs suitable for youngsters, and to the same standards of perfection we apply to all our other equipment.

After extensive research into size requirements of young people, we developed two sets: *Little Ben Clubs* for ages 6 to 10, and *Ben Hogan Junior Clubs* for ages 10 to 14.

I cannot overemphasize that both sets, which include woods, irons and a putter, are fully comparable with our adult equipment. They are made under my supervision by the same highly skilled craftsmen, and subject to the same critical quality control standards.

Since their introduction, *Little Ben* and *Ben Hogan Junior* sets have met with wide and enthusiastic acceptance. We accept this as proof that a real need is being filled. If a youngster in your family is learning—or wants to learn—to play golf, you can give him a substantial head start with a set of Ben Hogan clubs suitable for his (or her) age. You will also be helping to keep him physically fit.

Ask your Golf Professional for full details on *Little Ben* and *Ben Hogan Junior* sets. All Ben Hogan equipment is sold only through Golf Professional Shops.



A LITTLE BEN for ages 6 to 10. Complete set, five clubs with bag and head cover—Includes driver, #3, #5, #9 irons, and putter.

B BEN HOGAN JUNIOR for ages 10 to 14. Complete set, eight clubs with bag and head covers—Includes driver, #3 wood, #3, #5, #7, #9 irons, putter and utility wedge.



10 QUESTIONS TO ASK YOURSELF BEFORE BUYING A RIDING MOWER

1. Is it safe?

Unique "Safety-Seat" on Toro Red Rider stops the wheels, locks the blade the instant you get off the seat. In fact, it won't start if you're not in neutral. The rotary blade is tucked up inside the cutter housing.

2. Does it do a good job of cutting grass?

Red Rider does. Our engineers designed the rider around the best cutting unit they could build—Toro's famous no-clog "Wind-Tunnel"† rotary mower. It's aerodynamically designed to discharge clippings in a spiral air flow. No clumping. Trims within 1/2" of trees, shrubs, fences.

3. Is it fast?

Red Rider scoots around the lawn at speeds up to 4.2 miles per hour. Choice of 4 or 5 h.p. engine with 25" Whirlwind† rotary cutter, or, for extra large lawns, a 32" triple rotary cutting unit.

4. Is it easy to operate?

Even teenagers control the new Red Rider easily. Its stick shift and variable-speed friction drive offer reverse, neutral, three forward speeds. Plus lever-type throttle, an automatic blade brake, single clutch-brake pedal, adjustable padded bucket seat and easy starting.

5. Will it mow a hillside?

Red Rider climbs hills like a regular mountain goat. Low center of gravity and sure-grip tires hug slopes. Adjustable terrace rollers and Anti-Scale Dish† protect uneven lawns.

6. Does it bag clippings?

Toro 25" Red Rider is the only riding rotary with the "Wind-Tunnel" design that effectively bags grass and, in Fall or Spring, bags leaves. Suction-lift action vacuums debris off your lawn, puts an end to raking.



7. Is it easy to maneuver?

Red Rider has a short turning radius . . . gets into cramped spots, backs out. (Steering wheel converts to a tow bar.) Takes up less than 3 sq. ft. in storage because it sits on its tail.

8. How about cost?

Red Rider costs a little more. Worth it. Built with heavy duty steel and designed like an industrial piece of equipment. Lasts longer.

9. Will it do more than mow?

Red Rider's optional utility attachments hook up quickly, without tools. Bag grass and leaves . . . haul dirt . . . roll your lawn.



10. Can you get service?

All over America. With thousands of them across the country, there's a Toro service dealer where you are. Look for him. He's in the Yellow Pages under "Lawn Mowers."

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Berwyn Romelstein Studio &
Lambert Store
Blue Island
Wheatlands Camera Shop
Columbia Art's Camera Shop
Carbondale Newman Studio &
Lambert Shop
Clamperton Patchfield Camera
Goldblatt's Dept. Store
Chicago

Acacia Fair & Supply Co.
Amberg Camera Co.
& E. G. Doudman
Cass H. Bern, Inc.
Bob's Camera Studio
Co-op Camera Shop
Fair Store
General Camera Co.
(3 stores)
Hobby Camera Stores, Inc.
House of Photography
Imperial Photo
Jackson Camera, Inc.
Koval Photo
Kovetz Photo & Jewels
Lee Photo Shop
Indiana's Furniture & Appliance
Matti Camera Shop
Merritt Photo Service
Pohl Bros.
(4 locations)
Reichman Jewellers
Solar East Products, Inc.
Standard Photo Supply Co.
Teller & Jewels, Inc.
Triangle Camera, Inc.
United Camera
Wheatlands Camera Shops
World Camera Shops
Chicago Douglas
Wheatlands Camera Shops

Deerfield Deerfield Camera Shop
Des Plaines
Photo Service Camera Shop
Deon Dixon Camera Center
East Chicago
Albers Maurer Jewellers
Elgin B & K Photo Supply
Evanston McCoy Camera
Forest Park Blough Miner Co.
Troyton
Husman's Camera Shop
Creston City
Graham's Book Store
Harrington
Reynolds Studio &
Lambert Center
Harvey World Camera Shops
Herrin Jacobs Lane Jewellers
Jacksonville The Camera Shop
Joliet Pohl Bros.
Jonestown
Empson Typewriter Exchange
Kankakee
Clyde's Camera 'N' Cards
Wheatlands Camera Shop
La Salle Shellen Camera Shop
Loves Park Parks Camera Shop
Morton
Carl Sengen Studio Camera Shop

MI. Prospect

Roadfront Camera Shop
Normal Camera Craft Studio
Oak Park Austin Camera Co.
Village Camera Co.
Oswego First Drive Co.
Rivers Grove Pohl Bros.
Rock Falls
Rock Falls Camera Center
Rockford Camera Craft
Springfield
Swanson's Camera & Card Shop
Sterling Sterling Camera Center
Streator North Photo Service
Wayne Drug Store
Summit
Arrow Furniture & Appliance
Waukegan Caples Photo Co.
Pohl Bros.
West Frankfort
Jacobs Lane Jewellers
Zeigler Green & Co.

INDIANA

Alexander
Reight Photo Supplies
Columbus
Carpenter's Drug Store
Elkhart Chicago
Central Photo Service
Mix Blumfeldt Jewellers
Elkhart The Camera Shop
Fort Wayne
Majors Co.
Frankfort The Camera Shop
Gary
Village Card & Camera, Inc.
Greencastle Coon Pharmacy
Hammond Davis's Camera Mart
Wheatlands Camera Shop
Indianapolis Art Way-West
Homer Photo Supplies, Inc.
Kokomo K-Mar
Lafayette Hise's Camera Shop
Mishawaka
Finner Photo Equipment
Muncie City Camera Center
West
Murray Photo Supplies
W. Labadie Foster Film Service
Wishing
Neal Price's

IOWA

Ames Ames Stationers
Axtell Photo Shop
Boone Lammont's Photo Supply
Cedar Falls S & B Camera Shop
Cedar Rapids
Times Photo & Supply Co.
Council Bluffs
California Camera Store
Des Moines Renaissance Photo
Taylor Camera Shop
Fort Dodge Bergman's Photos
Marshalltown
Lammont's Photo Supply
The Camera Shop
Mason City
Bull's Camera Store
Pella Ideal Pharmacy
Vinton
Shocks Studio
Waterloo Welden Photo, Inc.

MICHIGAN

Albion Photo Centre
Ann Arbor
Fellen's Michigan Book Store
Purchase Camera Shop
Detroit K-Mart
The FotoShop
Ferndale A-D Camera Shop
Garden City K-Mart
Grand Rapids
Wyoming Park Pharmacy
Hamtramck Man's Jewelry Co.
Holland
Kos Drugs
Holland
Wade Drug Co.
Jackson U. & Trading Store
Oswego The Photo Spot, Inc.
Warren K-Mart
Wayne Wayne Music Center

MINNESOTA

Albion Lea Master-Craft Camera
Anson Austin Drug, Inc.
Minneapolis
Brand's Camera Craft
Duluth Master-Craft Camera
Richfield Camera Center
St. Louis Park Camera Center
St. Paul Camera Center
(2 locations)
Emporium of St. Paul
Fisher Photo
Gambles Record & R.F. Center
Swenson's Camera
(2 locations)
W. St. Paul Camera Center

MISSISSIPPI

Grand Island
Lambert Lendichy Camera
Lexington
Newman Studio & Camera Shop
Lincoln
Calvin's Halfmark-Camera
Card & Party Shop
Lawlor's
Lawlor's Sporting Goods
Omaha
Brand's Camera Shop
(2 locations)
Calvin's Camera Store
(5 stores)
Dean's Camera Center

NORTH DAKOTA

Devils Lake Ramsey Drug Store
Fargo
Epio Film Service
(2 locations)
Grand Forks
New York Camera, Inc.
Minot
Roe's Mirror Camera
O'Hare
Progressive Camera Shops
Arlington
Gerald's Studio & Camera Shop
Chillicothe Wholesale Electronics
Cincinnati
Ace Camera Company
Alpha Cine Service
Balliet's Mart

OHIO

Albion
Progressive Camera Shops
Arlington
Gerald's Studio & Camera Shop
Chillicothe Wholesale Electronics
Cincinnati
Ace Camera Company
Alpha Cine Service
Balliet's Mart

Cleveland

Matt Jewelry Co.
Merika Jewelry & Photo, Inc.
Modern Camera
The Dood Co.
The Higher Co.
"Y" Camera Shop
Columbus
Big Guy Super
Thrift Dept. Store
J. & R. Lammert
Joe Modern Company
Dayton
Dayton Camera Shops, Inc.
Malone Camera Stores, Inc.
Rike's
Elyria James Camera Shop
Easton Fairborn Camera Store
Fairview Park The Dood Co.
Lorain Michael Studio &
Camera Center
Ralph Photo Service
Massfield The Film Shop
Mansfield Photo Supplies, Inc.
Mayfield Heights
Foto Center, Inc.
Middletown
Dixon Photo Shop
Duff Camera
Mt. Vernon
Hickler Drug, Inc.
Paines The Dood Co.
Parma
New Boston Pharmacy
Ravenna
Vincent's Sporting Goods
Sandusky Elliott Jewellers
Newburgh Camera Center
Toledo
Bachman Photo Company
Hofmeister Retail Drugs, Inc.
Youngstown
Stamm Hirschberg Cameras

WISCONSIN

Arizona
Kingsbury Photo Shop
Baraboo Thompson Drug
Bellevue
Belmont Photo
Cudahy National Photo Supply
Hartford
Juni's Camera Shop
Manitowish
Glen's Camera Shop
Marinette
Camera Fair
Milwaukee
Camera Center
Bel's Camera Loan Mart
Herman Kuyper, Inc.
W. S. Lammert
Nowak's River
Bend Camera Center
Bob Sacks Camera
The Dark Room
Racine
Goldblatt, Inc.
Sheboygan
Gear's Camera Shop
Superior
City Mike Don
Nelson Berg's
Wausau
The Dark Room
Wausau
Schoen Camera
Whitfish Bay The Dark Room
Wiscross Delta
Sterling Drugs

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

THE PLAYER "Let's face it," said Ted Bosfield of the A's after his no-hit game was broken up Saturday. "Mediocre pitchers just aren't meant to pitch no-hitters." Historically, Bosfield could not be more wrong—downright bums have pitched no-hitters—but for Saturday, May 11, he was absolutely right. In Los Angeles that night Sandy Koufax—who is not mediocre, because he may be the best pitcher in baseball—became the 18th man in history to pitch two no-hitters. Beating the Giants (he zeroed the Mets last year), Koufax needed just 112 pitches; 73 of them were strikes. He threw 69 fast balls, 41 curves and two change-up curves. And he quashed all fears that the shoulder spasm that had kept him out of action for two weeks would continue to trouble him as his finger did last year. With the no-hitter, his ERA dropped to 1.15. "I'm just a mediocre pitcher," Ted Bosfield mourns. "I'm out there scuffling all the time." "I always go out to pitch a perfect game," says Koufax.



SANDY KOUFAX

THE TEAM Coming as they do from a long line of winners, it is somewhat unnerving that the Cadets at West Point have developed such a love for the New York Mets. Met scores are developed regularly as part of the Orders of the Day, and last week it was Seaman First Class Casey Stengel who came to West Point to read the Orders, sort of. Then his Mets played the Cadets in baseball and got shut out for six innings before they finally won. This was hardly impressive until the Mets did much the same thing against the Giants, Phils and Reds. For the first time, the Mets won five games in a row. They won two in the ninth inning, one in the eighth and they did it with a .208 batting average, only Tim Lincecum (.353, 2 HRs, 6 RBIs) was a consistent threat. The real heroes were the hand-me-down Met pitchers who stopped opponents with a .206 average and gave them a mere 2.6 walks per game. The leading starter was Carlton Willey, ex-Milwaukee, who gave up only one earned run while winning two complete games. Ken Mackenzie, ex-Milwaukee and ex-Yale, now pitching for God, for country and for the Mets, led the relievers with another win. Defying all odds, he is now 5-4 as a Met

THE PLAYER "You can't be 21 with that head of hair," said Yogi Berra to Detroit's Bill Freehan, a young man with no future at all in the television commercial field. But premature baldness should hardly affect Bill Freehan's future in baseball. Given a chance to start his first major league game in Tiger Stadium, when Catcher Gene Tenorio became ill, the \$125,000 bonus boy drove in five runs with two home runs and a double. In the course of the week, Freehan had a dozen hits, eight for extra bases. He ended the Yankees one night with a 440-foot triple, an upper-deck home run and a double. His .571 batting average was more than noteworthy, but its most important effect was to inspire the Tigers, who snapped a losing habit that had run to four straight and 12 of 15 Freehan played end on the Michigan football team before he signed with the Tigers in 1961 after his sophomore year. He may be a budding rookie, but to the pitchers he is already a hair-raising hitter.



BILL FREEHAN

THE TEAM In Chicago's ancient civil war, a running, pitching and hitting feud between the Cubs on the North Side and the White Sox on the South, it was Manager Al Lopez's American League crew that came out on top. Both teams ended the week by challenging the league leaders, but it was the White Sox—with six wins in succession and seven in eight games—who won the skirmish for fun interest as well as first place. While the National League Cubs slumped the White Sox hit at a .284 clip, and the pitchers held their opponents to a .167 batting average. Most of the exceptional pitching was turned in by three men: Ray Herbert, one of the least-known 20-game winners in history; Juan Pizarro, a Puerto Rican who learned his English at the movies; and Gary Peters, who expected to be sent to the minors. Herbert, after pitching a four-hit shutout a week earlier, added two more runless performances, first a three-hitter, then a two-hitter. Further improvement, and people will soon be remembering what's his name's name. Pizarro blanked the Angels on three hits. Peters, with relief help from newly acquired Jim Bronnan, won twice and helped to enjoy the summer in Chicago.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	SLUG %	BA	HR	ERRORS	DP	ERA
NEW YORK	5	2	.347	.258	7	5	5	2.08
LOS ANGELES	5	2	.512	.338	7	8	10	1.84
HOUSTON	5	2	.378	.258	5	8	3	3.65
CHICAGO	4	3	.384	.258	4	5	5	2.35
CINCINNATI	4	3	.350	.242	5	7	8	2.57
SAN FRANCISCO	4	3	.384	.222	5	5	3	3.45
ST. LOUIS	3	4	.457	.279	10	11	8	4.85
PITTSBURGH	2	5	.375	.234	3	8	10	3.25
PHILADELPHIA	1	6	.350	.222	3	5	4	4.33
MILWAUKEE	1	6	.402	.222	3	5	4	5.04

THE

SEASON*	SDs per 9 IHS	SB	RUNS PRODUCED
SAN FRANCISCO	Metcalfe 6.75	Pagan 8	F. Alou 43
ST. LOUIS	Wendham 7.50	Flood 8	White 40
PITTSBURGH	Schwab 5.51	3 with 3	Clements 28
CHICAGO	Jackson 8.00	Wick 8	Santo 18
LOS ANGELES	Koufax 8.64	Willy 10	Fazio 38
CINCINNATI	Makapuu 7.06	2 with 5	Bullman 40
MILWAUKEE	Shaw 8.69	Austin 3	Aaron 42
NEW YORK	Hook 8.88	Katohi 2	Hackman 28
PHILADELPHIA	Mahaffey 7.76	2 with 2	Cরণ 33
HOUSTON	Brace 9.18	2 with 2	Green 23

AMERICAN LEAGUE

THE WEEK	W	L	SLUG %	BA	HR	ERRORS	DP	ERA
CHICAGO	7	1	.425	.278	6	3	6	1.75
DETROIT	4	2	.317	.258	10	7	4	3.69
BOSTON	3	3	.384	.242	6	3	4	4.75
BALTIMORE	3	3	.421	.268	5	6	31	4.39
CLEVELAND	3	3	.389	.251	4	7	5	4.81
LOS ANGELES	2	3	.344	.259	1	3	3	2.68
WASHINGTON	2	3	.311	.222	4	3	4	3.34
MINNESOTA	2	4	.343	.235	2	1	3	2.85
NEW YORK	2	5	.425	.268	10	7	7	4.59
KANSAS CITY	2	5	.363	.232	3	3	5	3.57

THE	SDs per 9 IHS	SB	RUNS PRODUCED
CHICAGO	Peters 9.72	Lundin 3	Peltonen 39
BOSTON	McNabb 8.81	2 with 1	Stuart 34
BALTIMORE	McNabb 7.57	1 with 10	Babine 25
KANSAS CITY	Pera 8.84	2 with 6	Charles 36
NEW YORK	Boulton 8.50	1 with 2	Trach 27
LOS ANGELES	Edwards 7.45	Paxson 3	2 with 27
CLEVELAND	McDonald 5.09	Francisco 3	HHH 20
DETROIT	Edwards 4.35	Reine 3	Kelley 14
WASHINGTON	9.17	Pearce 4	Holmes 13
MINNESOTA	Edwards 6.11	2 with 2	Allison 34

*Through Saturday, May 11

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

GOATING—Three hundred and thirty-eight got off to a successful start in the 14th running of the Newport Beach to ENSENADA yacht race, but the finish resembled a tug-of-war as 200-toners tried to crowd all at once through a channel just a few meters wide. When the battered and damaged boats were all sorted out, the 40-foot ship *Pico*, skippered by Herb Hays and Fred MacKintosh, was declared overall winner, with *Ach's* *Reverend's* *Cassius* in second place for the second straight year.

BOXING—Middleweight **PAUL FENDER**, 32, quit the fight business in the Pacific Northwest after losing a fight to solve drink crimes (Proctor and Dick Tipton of *Spokane*) to the middleweight title. The former Brockton, Mass. fighter also was notified at the inability of promoters to obtain television rights for his scheduled bout with Tony Gaudin. He leaves the ring with a record of 40 victories (20 KO's), 6 losses and 2 draws.

FINING—"I'm coming home in the back seat of an ambulance," said **MRS. JOE MILLER**, after losing her Piper Apache on a breakage at the end of the fourth leg of a record, 1,000-mile flight across the Pacific. Mrs. Miller, 46, whose route followed an approximate reverse that skipped by Amelia Earhart when she disappeared somewhere over the ocean in 1937, set a new mark as the first woman to fly solo from the U.S. to Australia.

FOOTBALL—"I've had it," growled **BOBBY LAYNE**, "I just can't do it anymore." The colorful centerback of the Pittsburgh Steelers, a 16-year-old veteran of 15 seasons in the NFL, says he is hanging up his helmet for good.

GOLF—Former National Open Champion **JULIUS BORGES** took the lead on the second day and kept it to win the \$60,000 Colonial National Invitation tournament in Fort Worth. The 39-year-old Puerto Rican shot a closing 67 (par 71) for a 279 total and collected \$12,000 first-prize money. The race boosted his total earnings to \$25,000 and he is now the 19th best money winner. **LARRY GARY** shot a blazing 87 to finish second with a 281 and played into second place in money. **ALAN WATKINS**, with a 283, Jack Nicklaus, the leading money winner at \$33,751, added \$1,500 more with a third-place finish. Meanwhile, last year's winner, **Arnold Palmer**, ended one of the money with a dismal 297 total—his highest score in the Colonial since starting the pro tour in 1953.

Longhopping **NICKY WRIGHT**, female winner of "Jack the Monkey," shot a 3-over-par 35 for a 219 total to capture the \$8,500 Adams-Civilian Open at Alexandria, La. In Ann Arundel missed a crucial 35-foot putt on the 18th hole and finished second, one stroke back. **Kirkie Perry** of Hahn at Wilmington,

Del., the first day leader, had to settle for third with a 221 total.

HARNESS RACING—In a field embayed by a vast epidemic, (coughing bursts into an harness track in the East and South, **ROYAL RICK** (5:17.30) stayed healthy and won the \$62,500 Grand Tour Pace at Toronto. With George Shultz in the saddle, the 1-year-old pinto ran in a fourth-and-quarter victory over Henry T. Adams for his first triumph of the current season.

BRANDYWINE RACEWAY in Delaware was so severely hit by the virus that racing was suspended for one week. During the Haring days at the spring meeting, 157 horses were scratched, betting was off by more than \$3 million and attendance was down by more than 80,000.

HOCKEY—With the ice long gone melted off, the NHL was limited to handout on trophies. For a record sixth time Detroit Red Wings **GORDIE HOBBS**, 35, won the Hart Memorial Trophy as the player adjudged to be most valuable to his team. The trophy for the league's most outstanding defenseman, presented in memory of the late James Norris by his four children, including Chicago Black Hawks' center **Jerry Seiling**, went to a Chicago player, Captain **PIERRE PILLET**.

HORSE RACING—Jockey **Stanley COUNTRY SQUIRE** (53-40), with Wayne Chambers aboard, won the Pinkieship Prep and a probable starting position in the Pinkieship when he beat Rural Retreat by a comfortable three lengths. In the \$24,500 Black-Tyred Handicap, co-feature at Pimlico **NALLEE** (3:51) edged Medley to the wire by a nose with Eulster third, a length back.

GET AROUND (38-80) really did, coming from 12th place to win the \$6,000 Western mile at Aqueduct, Rikers, by Derby winner **Sockey**. **Brando** Bare, the 3-year-old finished half a length ahead of Top Wonder with Top Galanti third.

LACROIRE—Undrafted **NAVY**, skipped by Don McMillan and Pete Taylor (late goal-kicker), moved to within one game of the National College title by handing Johns Hopkins its second loss of the season, 16-3.

MOTOR SPORTS—British **JIM CLARK**, driving a Lotus, edged won the 151-mile International Trophy race at Silverstone, England over New Zealand's Bruce McLaren, who drove a Cooper. **Timmy Taylor**, also in a Lotus, was third in the sub-par race for grand prix cars that saw only 10 of the 21 starters finish.

BOXING—The high-stoking club from **KATZELBURG**, Germany (over year 38) edged it to win a fourth straight U.S. victory as the Schwartz Bros. of the University of Pennsylvania finished a length

behind the Germans to retain the Adams Cup (points are negligible), getting home ahead of previously unbeaten Harvard and a disappointing Navy. In other news, IRA champion **CORN**, LL, won the Chicago Cup, beating T. J. Johnson and Phil Shannon in their way. **COLUMBIA** captured the all-star **Wrestling** title by half a length with **Hyacinth** third.

For the first time since 1934 Ohio's **MARIETTA COLLEGE** won the Dad Vay Regatta, handing last year's winner Georgetown University, its first defeat by a college crew in two years. And in New Hampshire a first-classing **WISCONSIN** might make a significant debut, edging MIT by a narrow win to win the Cobscook Cup with **Dermot** third.

TENNIS—In the **DAVIS CUP** Eastern Zone Final the strongest Japanese team since the 1926 game badly favored from a runner before losing 3-2 at Tokyo. India will now have to wait patiently on the sidelines for the American-European Intercontinental tournament, which has not yet started, and the European Zone final round was just completed, with Spain taking the last two Italian matches to come from behind and beat Germany 3-2.

TRACK & FIELD—Without winning a relay, USC took the collegian team title in the West Coast Relays with Stanford second. Arizona State (Hardy) and Oregon State (Hart) were all the major events, and for the first time two pole vaulters, **CC. Yang** and **Bob Brown**, cleared 16 feet in the same outdoor meet. **Stanley V. A.J.** won the International Games for the 46th year as a row. **MARSHALL** gave the U.S. its first title in the Men's 400-meter freestyle Championships, **IRAKA** won the National Varsity 400-meter freestyle, and the **UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND** brought in its eighth straight Atlantic Coast Conference Championship.

WRESTLING—**MARRIED** **PETER SNELL**, 24, holder of the world mile and half-mile track records, and **Sally Turner**, 20, an Auckland, New Zealand track employee, in **Parapara, New Zealand**.

DIED **GENE** (Big Daddy) **LIPSCOMB**, 31, the smallest, weighing 165 lbs 6 inches, 148 pounds) defender tackle of the Pittsburgh Steelers and former All-Pro tackle for the Baltimore Colts, probably from a mixture of alcohol and aneurysm, in **Baltimore**.

DIED **CHRISTOPHER J. DRYDEN**, 38, founder and senior partner of C. J. Dryden & Co., owner of Roscoe's Sables and a member of the syndicate that paid a record \$1,251,300 for **Nashua**, in a hotel attack while being driven from New York to his home in Llewellyn Park, N.J.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

14—John G. Zimmerman, 21, 21—David Moore, Rick Davis, Frank Harrison 33—Jal Harrison, Rick Davis, 34—Wayne Davis, 35—Jal Harrison, 36—Jal Harrison, 37—Jal Harrison, 38—Jal Harrison, 39—Jal Harrison, 40—Jal Harrison, 41—Jal Harrison, 42—Jal Harrison, 43—Jal Harrison, 44—Jal Harrison, 45—Jal Harrison, 46—Jal Harrison, 47—Jal Harrison, 48—Jal Harrison, 49—Jal Harrison, 50—Jal Harrison, 51—Jal Harrison, 52—Jal Harrison, 53—Jal Harrison, 54—Jal Harrison, 55—Jal Harrison, 56—Jal Harrison, 57—Jal Harrison, 58—Jal Harrison, 59—Jal Harrison, 60—Jal Harrison, 61—Jal Harrison, 62—Jal Harrison, 63—Jal Harrison, 64—Jal Harrison, 65—Jal Harrison, 66—Jal Harrison, 67—Jal Harrison, 68—Jal Harrison, 69—Jal Harrison, 70—Jal Harrison, 71—Jal Harrison, 72—Jal Harrison, 73—Jal Harrison, 74—Jal Harrison, 75—Jal Harrison, 76—Jal Harrison, 77—Jal Harrison, 78—Jal Harrison, 79—Jal Harrison, 80—Jal Harrison, 81—Jal Harrison, 82—Jal Harrison, 83—Jal Harrison, 84—Jal Harrison, 85—Jal Harrison, 86—Jal Harrison, 87—Jal Harrison, 88—Jal Harrison, 89—Jal Harrison, 90—Jal Harrison, 91—Jal Harrison, 92—Jal Harrison, 93—Jal Harrison, 94—Jal Harrison, 95—Jal Harrison, 96—Jal Harrison, 97—Jal Harrison, 98—Jal Harrison, 99—Jal Harrison, 100—Jal Harrison.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BOBBIE JO GABRIELSEN, 16, daughter of Bang Gabrielsen, swimming coach at the University of Georgia, prefers the putter to the pool. Last week she became the youngest finalist in the history of the Georgia State Women's Amateur Golf Tournament.



DR. BARRY FARBER, a 38-year-old surgeon at New York's Kingsbridge Hospital, showed he could wield a sword as neatly as a scalpel when he qualified for the National Fencing Championships in Los Angeles by winning the saber title at the New York Athletic Club.



NEIL FARBER, 19, won 15 consecutive games in high school, and continued his vigorous pitching career at Columbia by boosting his total to 25 straight wins before he finally lost to Navy. With a .325 batting average, Farber also in the Lions' cleanup batter.



JAMES WHITTAKER, 34, of Redwood, Wash., tallied 66 feet 5 1/2 of the 20-member U.S. Himalayan expedition, became the first American to climb Mt. Everest. He was accompanied by Gaudi Nyanzi Gomba, nephew of Tenzing Norgay, first Sherpa to make the ascent.



DAN DIMANCESCU, a junior at Dartmouth, pedaled and paddled his way to two intercollegiate victories. In the morning Dan won a 45-mile bicycle race and then after a short break for lunch teamed with his roommate to take a 44-mile, white-water canoe race.



BARBARA WATKINS, 23, a junior at Ohio's Bowling Green State, learned to shoot pool from a boy friend three years ago and proved to be an adept pupil. The pretty coed outdistanced close to 1,000 students to win the women's intercollegiate billiards championship.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE OFFENDERS

Sirs:

I've read every issue of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* since you've been in business, but I think this time you went too far (*Players Are Not Just People*, April 29).

Being a transplanted Detroiter, I cannot see how you can condone the action of NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle in giving Alex Karras the same treatment as Paul Hornung. Judging from all published reports, Alex's offenses weren't anywhere near as bad as Hornung's so far as size and number of bets are concerned.

JACK COWAN

Harrisburg, Pa.

Sirs:

I cannot figure out what the critics expect from Pete Rozelle. There is a sign in the locker room of every clubhouse in the NFL. Briefly, it states: "Do not bet on pro football games." Each player's contract contains a similar clause, with penalties of up to lifetime banishment for violation.

Now two guys (the "brightest stars," say the critics) get caught and get clouted. What the critics don't take into consideration is that the few who may have escaped detection will henceforth be leading puritanical lives. Hornung sincerely regrets his mistake and knows that his professional life is not ruined. He'll probably be back in 1984 to make life miserable for the rest of the league. It will be a cleaner and healthier league thanks to Pete Rozelle.

FRANK A. SEVERMAN

Amario, Texas

Sirs:

I am quite glad that Tex Maule and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* take Pete Rozelle's side of the story. Ever since his decision about suspending Hornung and Karras, everyone seems to be against him. No one seems to realize that he did what he did to protect pro football.

FRED SWEIGEL

New York City

FORESHORTENED ODDS

Sirs:

Re Dr. Albert Hammond's article *The Inevitable Squeeze* (May 6), the \$2 better (of which I am one) doesn't stand a chance. In our competitive society the edge always goes to the group that is organized. Race-track bettors, by nature unorganizable, can only hold the short end of the stick and console themselves with two "truths": 1) they aren't forced to bet; and 2) one better



ART MAHAFFEY

has no inherent advantage over another.

The gradual, "pointless" hikes in mutual take will continue until the increase in taxation does not balance the decrease in money bet. One wonders how long this will be.

DANIEL P. SHINE

Covington, Ky.

Sirs:

I quit reading about halfway through, because horseplayers (I used to be one) are addicts pure and simple—mostly simple. The addicted ones make 75% of the take. They don't care what the take is—they are hooked and you know it! I am not referring to the guy who goes on Mother's Day. Webster says of "addict"—"to apply habitually, as one's mind to speculation, to give (oneself) up or over as a constant practice." Horse racing is supported by addicts, but who cares? Probably the state less than anyone. I must admit I enjoyed going to the races, but one day I realized I had become an addict, and it sickened me, so I quit.

FRED MANNING

Los Angeles

REPEAT PERFORMANCE

Sirs:

When your April 29 issue came in the mail, I thought, at first glance, I was looking at a picture of Robin Roberts. I saw the words "New Hope In Philly" and I thought I was getting a 1950 copy by mistake. Then I saw the name Art Mahaffey. Not only does Mahaffey look like a young Roberts, but the situations are very similar in many ways. Once again the Phils, a doormat for



ROBIN ROBERTS

many years, are hoping to ride to the National League championship on the arm of a young hurler and a lot of other untold ballplayers.

JACK PEARSON

Hartford, Wis.

OPEN FORUM

Sirs:

I have just read the "Advantage Talbert" article in the *SCORE* and section of your May 6 issue. Congratulations!

When USLTA President Edward A. Turville was granted equal time [on CBS Radio's *Worldwide Sports*] to respond to Bill Talbert's suggestions for improving amateur tennis in the United States, he was asked both verbally and by letter to stick to the issues. He chose, however, to use a portion of the time to criticize Mr. Talbert personally. Because we did not want to infringe on his editorial freedom, we did not remove any of his words from the tape.

Because we highly endorse Mr. Talbert's views, he has been invited to appear on our program whenever he chooses.

JOHN G. CHANIN

Producer, *Worldwide Sports*

New York City

BITTER DREGS

Sirs:

Maybe Frank Mahovlich wasn't excited about the Stanley Cup series (*Dregs from the Cup that Enriches*, April 29), and maybe Writer Rex MacLeod likes regular-season games better, but to some like myself it was a fine finish to an excellent season.

continued



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10TH HOLE

As we listened to a mixture of the radio announcer's voice and occasional static, we marveled at Keon's rushes and Bower's great saves, while I trembled every time Gordie Howe got the puck. Certainly the NHL can be proud of a great and prosperous year.

FRED KEON JR.

Maryville, Tenn.

Sirs:

Baseball has its World Series, which extends into the hockey season, football has a championship game, plus a game for the second-place teams, with the added attraction of an All-Star Game that has to be played in the South because mid-January is just too cold up North to bring out a crowd. The National Hockey League climaxes the year with the thrilling Stanley Cup playoffs. Anything can happen in the playoffs, and I'm sure that all hockey fans think Lester Patrick for his wonderful idea to extend hockey into the baseball season.

PAUL R. POWERS

Fort Benning, Ga.

Sirs:

Your article on the Toronto Maple Leafs winning the Stanley Cup finals is the worst piece of rubbish I have ever read. To us Canadians, hockey is our most wonderful pastime, as baseball is to you. The Toronto team is a terrific team and deserves much more credit than given in the article. As for the hockey season being long and boring, I see nothing more ridiculous than having 154 (or whatever it is) ball games for each team in one season. Phooey.

GARY HIARN

Guelph, Ont.

SWIFTS

Sirs:

Speaking of those Tom Swifties you talked about in *SEVEN CARS* (May 6) here's one that reflects one of the Giant's big problems this year: "I don't like Orlando Cepeda either," Tom told Alvin, darkly.

CICIE H. LONDON

San Francisco

Sirs:

"If I'll never feed a mouse to a lion again," said Tom, offhandedly.

JOHN HAWKINS

Boston

THE SAILORRESSES

Sirs:

Just a belated note to thank you for your flattering words about me in the article on Sally Langmuir and her yawl *Baleen* (*Long Torque House*, April 1). It was an excellent article all around, and I was deeply touched by its totally unexpected tribute to me.

This weekend I expect to go swimming—I am entering the eliminations for the Na-

tional Singlehanded Championships on the Sound, in a Finn, no less. They accepted my entry, in my honor! Guess they want a woman, just to say it is open to both sexes. Well, I just hope the water is not too cold. By the way, I'd trade all my trophies for that *Baleen*!

AULIGRA KNAPP MERZ

Rye, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your article on Pat Dineen (*The Flying Lark* of the *Flying Dutchman*, April 22) was excellent—a fine tribute to a fine skipper. However, I do not feel your description of the Snipe scoring system ("a complicated piece of arithmetical squares") added to the article.

Over 14,000 Snipes are using this method, and no one who can add and divide can miss in determining the winner of a race or a regatta. It was the race committee that deprived Pat of a title if they changed the rules—not a "complicated" scoring method.

HARRY WALLFISCH

Libertyville, Ill.

ALL WET

Sirs:

Jack Olsen flipped a few feathers when he drew a bead on the frigate bird (*A Mah of Marlin* in *Panama*, April 22). The bird is designed magnificent for sailing, but neither nature threw him a curve when he went into the air. Unlike a seagull, who is well equipped to catch fish and fly, the mako's war can't take off with wet wings. He has to steal from others or starve to death. So, if Mr. Olsen were a frigate bird, he would be heaving commorants on the head instead of a typewriter. Assuming, of course, that he enjoys sailing.

EDMOND A. PUGH

West Palm Beach, Fla.

ANTI-ANTI-BETTING

Sirs:

In regard to your item on the *Senania*, Alaska ice pool (the next issue, April 29): the pool isn't illegal. The 1960 legislature passed a bill permitting both the Chena and Nenana ice pools as well as a number of lotteries despite the state's anti-gambling laws.

JENN DAWSON

College, Alaska

YAY! RAY

Sirs:

Yay! Ray, rah! You finally mentioned the New York Mets (*The Quaint Cuts of the Mets*, May 6). But when will your magazine recognize the Mets as a baseball team? Although they can't be considered as contenders for the National League pennant this year, the time is not far off. With rookies like Ed Kranepool, Ron Hunt and Al Monrath, the Mets' future looks bright.

LARRY SHANBROM

New Haven, Conn.

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